The Modern Man

A Weekly Journal of General Interest.

No. 192. WEEK ENDING JULY 6TH, 1912. ONE PENNY.

HOW LOVELY!

Much has been written of Mr. Balfour as Philosopher, Politician and Golfer, and now we are told that "he is the ideal uncle." What a Compliment!

READERS' SALE and EXCHANGE

All advertisements are subject to the revision of the Sales Editor, and the right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.

In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated Order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a Postal Order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor, and crossed "& Co.," with a minimum of 1s. for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Shoddy Clothes are bad value, wear the best; it need not cost you more; write or call on W. W. Hedgecoe and Co., Stylish Suits from 35s.—Private Tailors, West End Cutting Experts, 147, Holborn Bars, E.C. (2 doors from Gray's Inn Road).

Gentleman's light tweed suit, hardly worn; chest 40in.; 18s. 6d.—Box 9151, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Coat-hanger and trousers-stretcher combined; a bargain, 1s. 6d., post free.—Box 3979, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Llewellyn's "Regent" rain coat is cut in the new, dressy style; Raglan shoulders, with plenty of fullness in the skirt, it hangs well; smart, comfortable, weather proof, yet inexpensive, 30s.; ready for wear; cash returned if you are not absolutely satisfied; send chest measurement taken over vest, and height. — W. M. Llewellyn, Rain Coat Specialist, Regent Street, Weston-super-Mare.

Blue serge suit, cost 60s., 20s.; black lounge coat and vest, cost 55s., 25s.; fawn, dust coat, cost 45s., 20s.; all quite new; superior; want cash.—T. Estcotte, 2, Rutland Villas, Boreham Road, Wood Green.

One and a half dozen double collars, in excellent condition, size 15½; bargain 3s. 3d. the lot.—Box No. 9102, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

The McKinley "Mac.," 16s. 6d., carriage paid. The ideal waterproof for Spring wear. Made from light-weight fawn waterproof coating in the fashionable Raglan style, and guaranteed. Wonderful value. Ready for service in all sizes and lengths. Send height and chest measure (over jacket) with remittance. Money returned in full if not approved.—C. and G. McKinley, Tailoring Dept., 7, Gresham Street, London. E.C.

Trouser Press for sale; brand new, never been used; no further use for same; honestly worth 15s.; take 6s.—Box 9103, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

"Cyclist's Friend" makes your cycle puncture-proof; enormous success; absolutely genuine, 1s. 1d.—E. Jaques, 66, Rendell Road, Leicester.

Cycles, lady's and gent's., highest grade model de luxe; new this year, in perfect condition; all latest improvements; all accessories; 3-speed (B.S.A.) gears and gear cases; reason explained; approval willingly; sacrifice, £4 4s. each.—3, Aubert Park, Highbury Barn, London.

MEDICAL, &c.

Blood purifier. Keep you in perfect health; one of the finest known recipes on the market. Recipe with full particulars, post free, 1s. 1d.—Box 4630, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

MEDICAL, &c.

Modern Men's Recipes: Brilliantine and liquid dentifrice; send P.O. 7d. for both.—Box 9,150, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Absolute Genuine Moustache Grower, known to grow a moustache in a few weeks. Advertiser will be pleased to send recipe and full particulars to all sending P.O., value 1s. 1d.—Box 3029, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Beautiful red lips, recipe 8d.—Thos. Wakelam, Forge Road, Short Heath, near Wolverhampton.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O. 1s.—Box 4160, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Why suffer with Piles? Buer Mul-la and Powder is a safe, certain, and speedy cure; cures permanently the worst cases. Send two stamps for free sample.—Prof. Buer, 52/1, Exchange Buildings, Southwark Street, S.E.

The finest Tonic ever known for Neuralgia, Nervous Disorders, Indigestion, Headache, etc. Recommended by leading physicians and athletes. Send 1s. P.O. for recipe to Home Recipe, c/o Box 6031, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 4161, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Twelve recipes, as advertised in previous issues, will be sent for sevenpence—including embrocation, blood mixture, toothache tincture, polishes; genuine. —33, Park Avenue, Blackpool.

EDUCATIONAL.

Clerks: Send postcard to-day for free interesting booklet on the famous "New Rapid" course of practical book keeping. Study becomes a pleasure. Sent free.—Book-keeping, Holborn Hall College, London, W.C.

"How to Make a Speech."—Learn the art of public speaking and become a leader of men. Develop your mental power and personality. Our interesting pamphlet gives valuable information. Sent gratis and post free.—London Institute, Holborn Hall, London, W.C.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

Sloan-Duployan "New Rapid" high-speed Shorthand saves a year's study. Learned in twelve easy lessons. Eighty words per minute in four weeks. Used by fastest official Parliamentary Reporters daily. Holds the world's speed record. Simple, rapid, legible, practical. New illustrated handbook, with testimonials and specimen lesson, gratis and post free.—Shorthand Association, Holborn Hall, London, W.C. Telephone 6111 Holborn.

For High-grade Positions see Hapgood's advertisement, page 1108.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

Do you want good improvement in legs? If so, I will send exercises trated with real photos, and guara absolute satisfaction; send P.O. to J. H. Minister, Professor of P cal Culture, Liddell St., Hull. A

For increasing the height see Girvan's advt., page 1106.

Strong Will Power, and how to ob it. See The St. Settef Institute nouncement on page 1106.

Futty's splendid offer still open; notice on page 1106.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Fountain Pen for 7d., post free, latest invention, the "Swift" Fo tain Pen, is an absolutely wo wonder; always ready for use; finish.—Send P.O. or stamps 7d. day to Box 4597, "The Mo Man," 29, Farringdon Street, Lon E.C.

"The Modern Man" pocket knife treasure, two fine steel blades, in English oxydised steel handles, make, post free 1s. 1½d.; money turned in full if not satisfied.— 4596, "The Modern Man," 29, ringdon Street, London, E.C.

A bargain, coat-hanger, with tro stretcher, new, post free P.O. 1s. or two for 2s. 9d., carriage pai Box 4595, "The Modern Man," Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

5,000 to clear. 7s. 6d. safety ra with extra blades, 1s. 1d., post fr —Box 4604, "The Modern Man," Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Must sell, Nimrod Automer camera by 4, slides, Thornton Pickard shutt speeds, Restoplanat lens, double ext sion, ball release, cost £4, bargain, or exchange.—Box 9152, "The Mode Man," 29, Farringdon Street, Lond E.C.

Salmon rod, greenheart, 18ft., gunme and vulcanite winch, by Little, dress silk line, new; price £3 5s.—Box 91 "The Modern Man," 29, Farringd Street, London, E.C.

Gramophone, by Gramophone and Ty writer Co., exhibition sound box, co £3 10s., and 22 excellent records, co £3, lowest price for gramophone a records, 30s., a real bargain.—B 9154, "The Modern Man," 29, Fa ringdon Street, E.C.

Solid silver cigarette holder, in silv case, new, perfect; 7s. 6d.—Box 915 "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdo Street, London, E.C.

Cut here

PEN COUPON.

Twelve of these Coupons and a Postal Order for 1s. buys one of THE MODERN MAN 10s. 6d. Fountain Pens, with 14-carat solid gold nib. For particulars see page 1112.

The Modern Man

RIAL OFFICES:—Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. Telephone, City 6865.

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E TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor is at all times ready to consider good topical articles and short stories (not to exceed 1,500 words), which must be legibly written or typed, on one side of the paper only, and must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope for return in case of rejection. The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the accidental loss of any contribution submitted on approval. Contributions will be paid for on publication, at our usual rates.

PLAIN SPEAKING.

en a man is convicted of having been found in some ng for felonious purposes he is generally referred to y as John Smith, or whatever his name may happen without any prefix, however much he may have been ered" before. It gets a bit on one's nerves, consely, to find a prominent Sunday newspaper "Mistering" ch individual because, for presumably some very good , he has started an incipient "romance" by asking ssion to marry his fiancée in prison some months before ll have finished doing time. Do drop it!

* * *

Massage Den Scandal.

nay interest our readers to note that not many days ed between our recent outspoken article on Massage and severe convictions imposed on a man and woman spect of an unsavoury establishment at Maida Vale. oman advertised massage; but the inspector said that plements of massage were found in the house. even more horrible sidelight—a danger, by the way, was candidly pointed out in our article—was that ld of sixteen was in the habit of being taken to the in question.

l worse, a little girl of 12 was also there, when the was raided by the police. Several male patrons were vered on the premises, too; and the "respectable" e of their apparent character—(another point dealt in our exposure of "massage dens")—may be gathered the fact that the addresses they gave included such y reputable places as East Finchley, Streatham, and arlton Hotel.

hen you see it in the *Modern Man* you can bet it is right.

* * *

er's Amazing Admissions.

despread wonderment has been aroused by the amazing ssions of a Macclesfield man, who stated recently in ice court that he went in fear of his seven-year-old son. e boy, it is said, used to say to his parent "Go and me some beer and some cigarettes, or if you don't I'll you a jolly good thrashing, or something worse." threatened the author of his being with the brush, s, and "dolly peg." Such a child as that should have larrupped until he howled. But, alas, there are two potent factors working nowadays against the well-known wise maxim of Solomon—grandmotherly magistrates and the N.S.P.C.C. Nowadays even to slap a big child may have serious consequences, owing to the eagerness of that body's inspectors to obtain convictions; and the *Modern Man* may have striking revelations to make on this subject at no very distant date.

* * *

Keir Hardie's Balderdash.

When the *Skibbereen Eagle* portentously warned the Tsar that it had its eye on him, the Autocrat of all the Russias went serenely on his way, for he did not even know that such a moulder of public opinion as the *Eagle* existed. And doubtless our own Sovereign would have been equally in the dark concerning Mr. Keir Hardie's journal, the *Pioneer*, of Merthyr Tydvil, but for the fact that papers His Majesty does read have directed his attention to it and to the impertinent words, addressed to himself, which it recently published.

* * *

Referring to the royal visit to Dowlais, the Man with the Cap had the Hardie-hood to write of the King's inspection of the celebrated works of Guest, Keen, and Nettlefold as being tantamount to declaring himself against the workers and on the side of their "oppressors," and after bidding His Majesty shun the firm's premises as he would a plague-spot, added, in the most approved style of playing to the gallery, some melodramatic nonsense about accepting hospitality "paid for out of the blood-and-tear-stained wealth of the creators of dismal Dowlais."

* * *

Such impudent balderdash is just as unlikely to affect the King as was the *Skibbereen Eagle's* warning to upset the equanimity of the ruler of the Muscovites.

* * *

In these unrestful days, however, irresponsible demagogues like the Member for Merthyr Tydvil can do an infinity of harm by inflaming the passions of the discontented mobs who look to them for light and leading; and in this matter the Dowlais Dictator is *facile princeps*.

* * *

It is not his fault that we have not had another mutiny in India, and if England is to maintain its long-continued exemption from civil war, we shall be in nowise indebted to him for the blessing.

* * *

Caring for the Consequences.

Hardie does not Keir a hang about the consequences of his "Down-with-the-classes" pyrotechnics; but possibly he would if our methods of dealing with such as he were to be a trifle Germanized. We do not admire everything that is done in Germany, any more than we prefer everything that is made there; but the *lèse Majesté* which has such significance for our Teutonic friends ought to have more than a merely academic interest for ourselves.

* * *

The pernicious principle that the end justifies the means, is more generally acted upon, even if not consciously held, than perhaps most people will admit.

* * *

It was very desirable, no doubt, that the Rev. R. J. Campbell should reach the City Temple, a Sunday or two back, in good time to preach his accustomed sermon there; but even the prospect of the congregation having to wait a quarter of an hour owing to his being delayed through a burst tyre, did not justify him in allowing his chauffeur to make up for lost time by driving along the king's highway at the life and limb-imperilling speed of 35 miles an hour. The £3 which the chauffeur was fined, and which presumably the reverend scorcher paid, seems a scarcely adequate expression of magisterial disapprobation.

* * *

An Absurd Judicial Decision.

Success to the Whist Drive Protection League of Great Britain! And long life to its chairman, Mr. H. J. Nathan. Of all the absurd judicial decisions that have ever been given—and there have been a good few—surely the recent one declaring whist drives illegal is easily the most absurd. At any rate, there can be no question that Mr. Nathan and his league are doing an excellent work in petitioning Parliament for legislation to legalise so popular and innocent a pastime, and it is to be hoped that the readers of *Modern Man* will do all in their power to strengthen their hands.

Here we go again! A bricklayer in Wandsworth gaol, who had been sentenced as an incorrigible rogue, died the other day of heart disease, and at the inquest the prison medical officer stated that iced champagne, black currant jelly, soda water, and milk were among the items from which a prisoner in hospital could choose.

* * *

Bill Sikes wintering at Mentone, with a warder for valet, will probably be the next development in our glorious system of prison philanthropy; or perchance his being taken, as a first-class passenger, on a health-restoring trip to the Canaries. If not, why not?

* * *

As an outcome of the recent exposure by the *Modern Man* of the ruinous tactics of paid agitators and the article setting forth in plain language the remedy for strike foolery, an old reader has forwarded an additional appeal to his fellow countrymen.

* * *

The Modern Eye.

"Half the working men of England at the present day," he says "are playing that pretty child's game: 'Open your mouth and shut your eyes.' They are like the five peas in a pod in Hans Anderson's story. They look through their green shells and imagine that the whole world must be green. And it is not until they get a blow bang between the eyes that they see red.

"Turn to-day to Hyde Park, to Tower Hill, or to any of the open spaces beloved by the paid agitators. With regard to this class. Surely the modern eye needs an extra strong monocle.

"When will the scales fall from the eyes of the modern working men? When will they see the shallowness of these humbugs? If only those who are misled and misdirected by these, would do a little detective work on their own and follow these paid ranters after their ranting and raving had ceased! Where will you be led? Where you, Mr. Thirty-shillings-a-week, cannot afford to enter—to first-class saloons, theatres and music-halls! Working men! For the love of your very existence as peaceable men in a peaceable country, look deep—and think deeper. Look for reasons not results. Sound results follow sound reasoning.

"I hold no brief for the rich. I admit that you have not got all you work for,. But these men will never get it for you. They will plunge you yet deeper in poverty and misery. There are good and bad alike in all classes and grades of society. Millionaires are no worse and no better than Messrs. Workman and Co.—and vice versa.

* * *

Look Both Sides,

"The charity of the former may be applauded sky-high. But there is an arithmetical operation called percentage to be considered. It is easily worked. If you can't do it your lad or lassie at school will do it for you. What a man gives away does not constitute the real value of his gift. Unfortunately the modern eye views it in this light. The parable of the widow's mite is forgotten. The percentage of the income which the gift represents—that stands for the true worth. Take stock of the small things. If you only knew it, the small things in this world are the mightiest. Again—there is a green side as well as a rosy side to the apple. Before you bite look well for the green side. *You've got to take both and you've got to pay for both.*

"Keep your eyes skinned, and if you have the modern eye—cast it out, it's a cheat. 'O wad some power the giftie gie us, to see oorsels as ithers see us.'"

* * *

The Spice of Life.

There is a saying that they do a great many things better in France than in England; but whether the same applies to Germany admits of very much question. The latest palpitating happening in the Vaterland is reported from Hamburg. Count Walter von Kœnigsmark, a member of the Berlin Union Club, was standing on a chair on the roof of the Hamburg Racing Club's grandstand watching the races, when an official handed him a sealed letter, containing an order of the Hamburg Club that he should leave the course immediately, because, it is said, he had used violent language to an official who had asked him to get down from the chair already alluded to. But here comes the funny part.

Count Walter, etc., immediately rushed off to fin
so as to challenge all the members of the Hambu
Club's committee to duels. The respective challe
presented and duly accepted. Meanwhile, there
discussion proceeding between the members of
mittee of the Count's own club, the Berlin Un
of whom feel that they ought to challenge the u
Hamburg committee on their own account so as to
the slight on their club by further gory encounte

* * *

As each committee has about fifteen members
should be fairly evenly matched, and some quite
sporting encounters should result. But why does
lag behind in such matters as this? There would
addition to the spice of life, if the accidental th
a cigar stump out of the window of the Carlton C
the hat of a passing member of the Reform, led
bouts of fisticuffs at dawn between faultlessly
gentlemen of varying ages, in the Green Park.

* * *

Pointed Observations to an Aviator.

Although Mr. Hamel's was unquestionably t
performance in the Aviation Derby, one could
feeling a bit sorry that Mr. Sopwith failed to win
a slight miscalculation of distance at one of the
points. It is with genuine regret, therefore, tha
impelled to address a few pointed observations to
a sustainer of our traditions as a nation of sportsme

* * *

Mr. Sopwith has been convicted no fewer tha
times for driving his motor-car at an excessive sp
the resultant fines have aggregated more than £13
obviously a speed maniac. Such a law-breaking
his is more than serious. It suggests possibilities
unpleasant kind.

* * *

Mr. Sopwith should remember that he is not
pebble on the beach, and that he does not own t
Even if he did, his terrestrial proprietorship would
not the slightest right to jeopardise the lives of h
creatures. Should be bowl one of them over one
fine days, and thus provide a little extra work for a
well employed coffin merchant, the plea of acciden
stand him in much good stead. As a persist
frequently convicted speed-limit breaker, he knowi
deliberately runs the risk of taking human life, and
case against him would wear the ugliest of looks.

* * *

Besides, the recklessness which characterises h
below he doubtless takes with him when he mounts
the blue empyrean, and it may result in some neck-
exploit in the not very remote future. Which w
extremely regrettable; for, although it would put
to convictions against him for motor scorching,
also extinguish a most promising career as a sp
And we certainly do not want *that* to happen,
Sopwith, in your own interests as well as for the
others, do try to curb that propensity of yours to pr
yourself through life in such a devil-may-care fashio

* * *

Magistrate's Vigorous Indictment.

It is not often that a magistrate says anything
larly illuminating during his hours spent in di
justice, but Mr. Paul Taylor, at Marylebone recentl
some very outspoken remarks on a subject of un
importance. A woman, in giving evidence, said
daughter had been dismissed from her situation bec
(her daughter) had absented herself from work so as
evidence at the previous hearing of the case in questi

* * *

A solicitor remarked that it was quite a regular t
employers of labour to discharge their employees
they absented themselves for the purpose of giving e

* * *

This is a subject on which we have very stron
indeed; but we can serve no useful purpose by att
to improve on Mr. Paul Taylor's vigorous indictm
the evil under discussion. Said he: "If that state
true, the names of the firms ought to be brought
notice of the public, and no respectable member of th
munity ought to deal with them. It is a public
and disgrace that such a state of things should
a civilised country."

* * *

Bravo, Mr. Taylor!

ord or two on the presumptuous spirit prevailing
gst most music-hall notabilities—especially on the
erial side—may not be out of place. A few days ago
Walter Gibbons, on his retirement from the managing-
rship of the London Theatres of Varieties, Ltd., was
ained at dinner at the Savoy.
healths of the chairman, the new director, and so
were proposed and responded to; but here comes the
sing point. We are told that Captain Warren Wright
ded for "The Army, Navy, and Reserve Forces"!
on earth have the Army and Navy and Reserve Forces
with Mr. Walter Gibbons, or any other doubtless very
y person who makes money by catering for the
ous public? When Little Tich or Marie Lloyd are
ained at their next ceremonial blow-out, we may pre-
ly expect the Archbishop of Canterbury to be among
istinguished guests, to respond to the toast of the
h of England.

* * *

nal Insurance Grievance.

s not the policy of *Modern Man* to take sides in
rs political; it prefers to be all things to all men—
ularly to all modern men. We express no opinion,
ay or the other, as to the merits or demerits, or both,
e National Insurance Act, considered in itself. That,
ver, need not and shall not prevent us from anim-
ting to what can only be designated a scandalous
, on the part of the Government, relating to it.
plications from men for employment on the outdoor
were invited in the most public manner possible. The
all over the country was utilised for this purpose, and
mpression thus naturally engendered was that the posts
ed to were very numerous. It is not surprising, there-
that no fewer than 45,000 applications were sent in.
each case a series a printed documents were forwarded
e applicant, including a form to be signed and filled
nd then returned to the Commissioners.
supply the details required amounted almost to the
ng of a short autobiography. They comprised date
lace of birth; scholastic establishments where educated;
ons subsequently held, together with duration of
oyment; and so on. The applicant was also required
ention the salary of which he was in receipt, any trade
ades of which he had practical knowledge, whether he
any experience of social work, and several other delect-
things.
at, however, was by no means all. The names and
esses of three referees had to be given, and copies of
recent testimonials enclosed.
the same time it was intimated that a certain propor-
of the positions about to be created would be filled by
drawn from Government departments already estab-
d. But notwithstanding that, 45,000 hopeful men
ied, numbers of whom doubtless were out of employ-
, and some even on the verge of starvation.

* * *

y Two Hundred Posts.

ow many of that vast army of applicants have been
aged? It is doubtful whether even one has had his
guine expectations realised. For the multiplicity of posts
ing to be filled turns out to have been scarcely more than
! And that, doubtless, is a number easily providable—
ot indeed provided—by the surplusage of already existing
artments.
his it is that constitutes the special iniquity of the Govern-
t in the affair. It may have been a matter of political
se, or even of necessity, to make it appear that an Act
cting the public as a whole would provide more or
remunerative employment for members of that public;
it should certainly have been indicated at the same time
the chances of securing such employment were both
and remote.

NOW THEY DON'T SPEAK.

Miss Davies: He said something to you about my singing
t night, didn't he?
Miss Jones: Well, he did remark how funny the corners
your mouth looked when you sang.
Miss Davies: The idea! How could be have seen them?
Miss Jones: Why not? He was sitting directly behind
u while you sang.

"BILKING" THE TAXI MAN.

A DRIVER RELATES A FEW EXPERIENCES.

"Oh yus, guv'nor, they often tries to do it on us. F'rinstance, there was that chap at Chiswick. He asked me to pull up at the top of a small court leading from a side street. He got out and I asked him for the fare—it was fifteen bob, I think. After searching through his pockets he found he had no change, and asked me if I minded waiting a few moments so that he could pop into his flat and get the money for me.

Ready to Follow.

"I may look a mug, but I ain't, leastways not mug enough to wait there with my cab while he was calmly doing a guy. So I ses to him: 'If it's all the same to you, guv'nor, I think I'll come with yer. I want to stretch my legs a bit.'

"'All right,' he ses, affable-like. 'Might as well come in and have a drink.'

"I didn't mind that, so I followed him to a block of swagger-looking mansions and went up by the lift to the third floor. He took out his key and opened the door and stepped aside for me to enter his rooms.

"'Arter you, guv'nor, I ses, 'you know the way better than I do.' (I was up to his monkey tricks, you see).

"So he went in and I followed him, keeping an eye on him for any little playful dodges. In the parlour he asked me to sit down while he went to the sideboard and poured out a glass of liquor. (It's a yellow colour, guv'nor—know it?)

"'Good luck, driver,' he says. 'Ooray,' ses I, but while I was drinking it he suddenly put down his glass and made a dash for the door.

Grab at Coat Tails.

"I was up in a moment, and just managed to grab his coat tail as he was vanishing through the doorway.

"No, guv'nor, I didn't charge him. It wouldn't have paid me to. I was quite satisfied with my fare and a little something for a drink.

"We taxi men know almost instinctively whether our fares are straight or not, and if instinct doesn't tell us our pals do. Once a man tries to bilk us he's a marked man, for in less than no time every man on the ranks has been warned. F'rinstance, the other night I took up a fare at the Bank and drove him to Tottenham Court Road. I 'ad my suspicions of him from the first, but when one of my mates tipped me the wink as he passed me I knew him for an old hand and was well prepared for any 'anky-panky. He got out at Tottenham Court Road and tried to work the waiting dodge. But I wasn't having any, and told him so. Of course, he pretended to be very indignant, but I didn't mind that, and I 'ad the dibs before I let him go.

"I remember I was nicely bilked some time back when I was jest new to the game. I took up a gent and his lady somewhere in the West End, and drove 'em to Liverpool Street Station. When I set 'em down the gent took out his purse to pay me while the lady walked slowly away.

"'Arf a minute,' he ses, suddenly turning to me. 'I must ask my wife for some change—wait here.'

Beware of the Ladies.

"He hurried away to his wife, who by this time was quite twenty or thirty yards away. I saw him speak to her, and then she pretended to give him some money from her purse. At that moment they were hidden by a little bunch of passers-by, and when they had passed the gent and lady had vanished. It's not much use looking for two people at a crowded London terminus, so I came away. I could have kicked myself for being such a mug. But I didn't do that. I treated the matter philosophical-like—and 'ad a drink!

"'Always beware of the ladies,' said a pal to me when I first came on the ranks. That advice has often proved useful, for we taxi men find that women are more liable to cheat us than men. They're such artful critters, and somehow you can't be rude to 'em. I set down a lady outside a big drapery shop the other day. She asked me to wait while she made her purchases, but when the folding doors had closed behind her I jumped up from my box and had a chat with the attendant. I went back to my seat, and presently I saw her ladyship emerge from a door further up. She gave a curious look round in my direction and was about to hurry away, I suppose, when my friend the commissionaire intercepted her. 'Pardon, madam,' he ses, touching his cap, 'your car awaits you at the other door.'

"The woman gave him the frigid optic, and got into the cab again. She didn't attempt to bilk me again, you bet!"

STONEYCROFT'S FOUR-IN-HAND: The Story of a Self-Made

By A. M. STEWART.

Stoneycroft is a self-made man—proud of it, he declares. Some people say it's a good job nobody else can be blamed.

Even I, Stoneycroft's best friend, think he hasn't much to boast of.

Stoneycroft has built himself a fine place just outside his native town, Mudthorpe.

It is as full of spirals and twists and decorations as a wedding cake. Every chimney is made to look like a turret, and there's a sort of horn sticking out over the front door.

Stoneycroft named it himself, "Castel." He used to go on Cook's tours before he finished making himself—he says it's the oldest way of spelling it. He wanted to add "Frommage," but I dissuaded him. I told him it would never do to give the impression across the Channel that he lived in a giant cheese.

So he contented himself with having "The Castel, Mudthorpe," stamped in big violet letters on his stationery, and erecting two structures on the gate-posts that look like gigantic pawns.

If Stoneycroft had known anything about chess—which he doesn't—he'd have been able to instruct the builder.

Stoneycroft had the plans of a moat and drawbridge, but his wife said "No."

She thought he might come home late one night and forget the mechanism and fall in and be drowned—and then self-made would be self-ended.

Stoneycroft imagined that the sportsman can be self-made, and a pretty penny that notion has cost him.

Why, his estate has more pensioners on it than tenants.

The lodge-keeper at the south entrance is the widow of the gamekeeper he shot in mistake for a partridge, and the one at the other lodge is the man he blinded at golf.

But Stoneycroft reached the limit when he announced triumphantly that he had purchased a coach and four dashing bays.

"Who's going to drive?" asked his wife, "for you know, my dear, you can't."

Stoneycroft silenced her with a look, and gave us the further information that he intended putting up for the Club next year.

Mrs. Stoneycroft murmured something to the effect that by that time probably we should all be where coaching is unknown.

I rather fancy the poor lady found comfort in the reflection that the streets of the Golden City would be narrow and straight!

The coach was a gorgeous affair—trust Stoneycroft for that—and the bays made a spanking team.

But when I saw Stoneycroft on the box I thought perhaps after all it was a pity he had possessed the knack of making money, since it enabled him to do such fool things.

However, a week or so later he told his wife and me that we'd post up to London and that he'd give us the time of our lives.

He pretty nearly fixed the hour of our deaths—but that is a detail.

We started off in fine style, dashing through the villages without a hitch. Mrs. Stoneycroft had thoughtfully implored the folks to keep their children and fowls out of the roadway.

Stoneycroft wouldn't drive through Mudthorpe. You see, they remembered his early days, and I fancy he was afraid they might sling some of the native material at him.

I did not like the look in the off leader's eye, but Stoneycroft said a bay always looked like that.

At the back Jarvis tootled away on the horn—not much of a tootle though, because Jarvis is stout and fat and hasn't much breath to spare, and so the merry blast had a croupy sound every now and then.

There was a nice sweep of road all on a gentle decline, and Stoneycroft settled himself to do it grandly, and flourished his whip.

I said "For God's sake, Stoneycroft, don't touch the brutes."

Heaven preserve us from the danger of a self-made whip.

However, we negotiated the hill safely, and another village.

I tried to tott up the amount of damage we did a It seemed to be alive with straying poultry, cats

We scared some children, upset a vegetable ca a cow, and then fell in with the hounds. By tha bays' blood was up, and we didn't have to wait t would happen; we just had to hang on for our li

Away flew Mrs. Stoneycroft's bonnet, a new o for the occasion; Stoneycroft was frantically pull reins, but no use—the bays had it all their own wa

We cleared a milestone and knocked down a

Away flew Mrs. Stoneycroft's auburn wig to bonnet.

Faster—into the Behind went Jarvis's horn as nearly went over on a heap of stones by the roa not even the language of the stone-breaker—whos bread and cheese had been demolished in the stopped us.

Mazeppa wasn't in it with Stoneycroft's coach

A slight collision with a stone wall only serv lodge Mrs. Stoneycroft's new set of teeth, and th like misplaced castanets.

We were going at a rate now that would have wo croft the Marathon.

Neither Stoneycroft nor I had hats—they had abandoned us to our fate.

Another wild lurch as Stoneycroft pulled on and Jarvis shot out into the future behind us.

I hope he fell soft. I think I have a confused re of seeing a fine spread of manure in the field on

"Betsy, hold on tight," shouted Stoneycroft.

I fancy I heard a faint "Oh! Sam," but cannot

Then there was a vision of violet skirts and butt and Sam and I were alone on the coach.

"It all u with us," and Stoneycroft pointed whip.

In front spread a broad expanse of water—a rive by late rains.

"Yes!" I said, "that's the end. You can't turn this place. Let's die like heroes."

I think we both shut our eyes—and then—and th

Those darned bays stopped.

HIS TEXT.

The three-year-old son of a Methodist minister his mother at a gathering of ladies. At the proper was given a cake. He ate it quickly and asked for The hostess said:—

"I'll give you another if you will sing for us."

"Can't sing," was the reply, "but I know somethi say."

"That will do all right," the lady answered, expe hear "Twinkle, twinkle, little star," or some other classic.

But the little fellow drew himself up in real Sunda fashion and said his piece.

"God loveth a cheerful giver."

The lady gave him the cake, and the whole c seemed to be very cheerful about it.

SAVING THE OIL.

A new keeper had been appointed for an Irish house, but he had not been on duty many days befo plaints against him began to filter in. The coastgua out his little boat, and rowed across to the lightho investigate.

"Patsey," said the officer, "we're getting a good complaints about you." Why, the sailors say you doesn't burn after twelve o'clock."

Patsey scratched his head thoughtfully.

"Sure, now, an' behad, I put me lights out at t I thought by that toime all the ships'd be in, so I'd save the ile!"

They've got a new lighthouse-keeper now.

WELLING WISIBLY: THE MUSIC HALL COMMAND PERFORMANCE.

BY ONE WHO KNOWS.

MR. BARCLAY GAMMON.

inherited the mantle of Corney Grain, and it fits his
l figure.
is younger days slept in the offices of the London and
all Railway from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.
npion heavy-weight (piano) boxer.
overed by Messrs. Maskelyne and Devant. So
d by the atmosphere of St. George's Hall that he
sed his first appearance by vanishing through the
which was subsequently rebuilt of concrete.
a lovely dental smile, and is at times threatened
telligence.
eations: Early rising, aviation, mountaineering, and
ion racing.

MR. HARRY LAUDER.

to be Scotch. Allegation refuted by well-known
agance and indifference to the "bawbees."
exude more sickly (alleged) Scotch sentimentality
square inch than any other artist, living or better

d be President of the United States if he liked.
e worked in a coal-mine, now owns several.
quite amusing when he first appeared at Gatti's
Hall, Westminster Bridge Road.
by: Entertaining Income Tax Collectors to dinner.
lications: "I'm Wearin' Awa, Jean Aylwin," and
Ken Neil Kenyon?"

MISS CECILIA LOFTUS.

t bear to be called "Cissie." Her imitations are so
hat you can often recognise them without being told
om they are intended.
ourite motto: "Imitation is the sincerest form of
y."

MR. GEORGE ROBEY.

ularly supposed to have been educated at Eton,
w, Oxford and Cambridge.
n fact, a member of the M.C.C, and a pretty useful
forward.
ht have achieved distinction as cricketer or footballer,
r unfortunate stage proclivities.
once an engineer, but his mirth is rarely mechanical.
exhibited at Royal Academy and R.I., so no wonder
ws well.
reations: Possesses a very fine collection of stamped
sed envelopes sent him by journalists and others
g an immediate reply.

MISS VESTA TILLEY.

rs the breeches, but is not a Suffragette. On the
ry, is a very charming domesticated little lady, who
e unspoiled by success, and as popular off the stage
is on it.

LITTLE TICH.

e Tich of Nature makes the whole world grin."
Green Room Book says of him: "His naturally
appearance is augmented by an inexhaustible fund
entric humour and drollery . . . is a marvellously
dancer; is an excellent painter in oils and water-
s."
onder who told the Editor all this?

THE PALACE GIRLS.

e made many converts to Mormonism.

MR. HARRY TATE.

merly a clerk in the City at 25s. a week. Makes
more now.
reations.—Motoring, flying, fishing.

BOGANNY'S LUNATIC BAKERS.

iously off their crumpet.

MISS CLARICE MAYNE.

ild young woman, who is in great request at Y.W.C.A
and Sunday School treats.

MR. WILKIE BARD.

nes from Manchester, and has all the modesty for
Mancunians are so justly celebrated. Is noted for
unctuality with which he keeps his engagements.
say "Burgess's Fish Sauce Shop" quite cleverly.
first engagement was at the rate of 30s. a week, but
end of his first performance the manager presented
ith two half-crowns and told him to "push off."

Golfs, but has a regrettable habit of calling his wooden clubs his "woods!"

Recreation: Conchology.

MR. ARTHUR PRINCE.

If you like ventriloquists he is perhaps less tiresome than most.

MADAME PAVLOVA.

Saved us from the Maud Allan madness. Peerless, but sometimes petulant. Ask Mordkin.

Favourite character: "Madame Sans Gene.

MR. G. H. CHIRGWIN.

One of the old brigade. Fruity, but never coarse.

Has been known to sing a song called "The Blind Boy."

Great admirer of Henry VIIIth.

MISS HAPPY FANNY FIELDS.

Happy by name and happy by nature. Don't, however, go to Holland under the impression that all the girls there are as fascinating as Fanny.

MR. ALFRED LESTER.

Occasionally funny in a boisterous sort of way.

Hobby: Collecting mottoes.

CINQUEVALLI.

Still "incomparable." Known variously as "Chinkyvalli" and "Sinkyvalli." In the way of perseverance a spider is a fool to this man, who once spent seven years perfecting one trick.

PIPPIFAX AND PANLO.

You know all about them, don't you?

MR. DAVID DEVANT.

In mediæval times would certainly have been burnt at the stake for a sorcerer.

Favourite book: "The Great Illusion."

LA PIA.

Tank you!

MR. CHARLES ALDRICH.

American, but not aggressively so.

CRISPI AND FARREN.

Pas de deux, et pas si mal.

N.W.F.

CANAL BOAT CHILDREN.

While accurate figures are difficult to obtain, it has been computed that there are at least 5,000 children living in canal boats.

They are often, more especially in summer time, an object of envy to other children, who see them taking a trick at the helm, riding the towing-horse, or helping to work the boat through a lock.

And no doubt there are some who will not pity the canal-boat child when they learn that frequently he successfully evades the school inspector and grows up with practically no education.

There is, however, another and a sad side to the story.

Owing to the confined quarters young children are often burned to death or seriously injured by falling against the stove, or through the cabin lamp being upset.

In winter, coming as they do from the hot, stuffy cabin into the biting air, they are very liable to pneumonia and other serious illnesses.

They are often put to dangerous tasks, dangerous at least to young children, such as opening and shutting lock gates.

Some are the victims of cruel parents or masters, though probably canal-boat people are no worse in this respect than any other class.

Officially the canal-boat child seems to be nobody's child, or rather he comes under so many different authorities, educational or otherwise, that each is apt to expect the others to look after him.

In regard to escaping education an inspector can only board a boat between 6 a.m. and 9 p.m.

A scouting system along the banks usually provides warning of his approach. The boat is run alongside, and the children take to the fields or woods until the inspector has gone, meanwhile their parents stoutly deny that they have any children on board.

WITHOUT MUSIC.

"Oh, mamma dear," said the languishing Claribel, "Augustus is coming this evening to try over a song with me! You don't mind, do you?"

"Not at all," purred Mrs. Smyth.

At about eight o'clock that evening Augustus arrived, bearing a formidable roll of music.

Claribel ushered him into the drawing-room, and thenceforward all was silent. Mamma sat in the room adjoining and listened; but no sound of music struck on her ear. And that was the situation for more than an hour.

"Claribel," called Mrs. Smyth, at last, rapping on the wall, "I thought you were going to practise a song with Augustus?"

"Yes, ma," came the muffled voice of her daughter from the rear of the room; "we've been practising for over an hour."

"I did not hear you. What was the name of the song?"

"'Whisper and I shall hear,' mamma dear!" cooed the captivating Claribel.

TELL-TALE EYEBROWS.

Eye-brows that are lighter in colour than the hair are usually a sign of weak constitution, but eyebrows darker than the hair generally go with a vigorous mind and body, more especially when they are bushy and tufted.

As a general rule the closer the eyebrows lie to the eyes, the greater are the powers of concentration, though such brows are sometimes associated with a suspicious nature.

Well-arched eyebrows are a sign of artistic, agreeable temperament, but when they lie far away from the eyes, the owner is often most unreliable.

If the eyebrows, instead of drooping at the end, turn upwards towards the temples, their possessor is likely to have a strong sense of humour, and is likely to make a name as a comedian, or as a humorous artist or writer.

From time immemorial, eyebrows that meet across the nose have been associated with a passionate and even a murderous temperament.

Persons with little or no eyebrows are almost invariably not only weak in body, but weak in mind.

Eyebrows are a sound clue to the emotions. A person must have great facial control if he can refrain from raising his eyebrows when surprised or taken aback.

When a person is suspicious he will draw his eyebrows down as in anger, but the outer corners will turn upwards.

"He's the most patient man I ever knew."

"That so?"

"Yes, he can even herd a bunch of people together to have a group picture taken without losing his temper."

BEFORE AND AFTER.

They lounged in their hammocks, two sweet things not twenty,
And I stole up quietly near;
Don't think I was eavesdropping—Gracious me, no!
I'd do nothing so mean—But Mabel and Flo
Were discussing a question quite interesting, so
I stopped, just to hear.

"I prefer them without," Mabel said very softly,
And I knew, if she said it, she meant it;
"If a man with moustaches should *dare* to kiss me,
"I'd—yes, that I would—pretty quickly you'd see,
"Just give him a slap, as reward for his spree—
"I'd make him repent it."

Said Flo: "Now, my dear, I *do* think you're silly,
"You're wrong on that point altogether,
"There's an exquisite feeling that whiskers endow,
"Which makes you feel—Oh dear! I can't describe how—
"But it's nice—so don't argue or there'll be a row;
"Let us talk of the weather."

They're wed now, the pair of 'em—went off last year,
And the funniest part of it is,
Mabel's husband wears proudly a beard, big and brown,
While Flo's hasn't even a vestige of down—
He's a bald patch, moreover, which shows up his crown—
Do girls marry to kiss?

STANLEY ST. LEONARD.

CARNATIONS A RAT-TRAP BA

Pretty pink carnations have lured an army of rats death in the store of an Ohio florist, and the lat is considering patenting a perfume bait for rats the place of cheese, bacon rind and other less articles of food.

The florist found that a regular father and mo a rat had been growing fat and prosperous by nibb carnations the florist was cultivating. He tried th honoured cheese as bait for his rat trap. When tha he used bacon rind and other rat titbits, but M ignored them all and continued to chew the flowers.

Finally the florist baited his rat trap with a ca and the night prowler was captured. Since then, us carnation bait, nearly all the rats in the neighbourho been killed. The florist is experimenting now wit lilies of the valley and other flowers to determine is the most attractive from a rat standpoint.

THE WORLD'S LARGEST CHIMN

In Wales is to be found the largest and at the sa the highest chimney in existence. It is the chimney copper smelter in Cwmavon. Seventy years ago the from the copper foundry nearly raised a riot, bec destroyed everything in the way of vegetables an within a radius of twenty miles, while the sulph arsenic vapours attacked the hoofs of cattle, pro gangrene.

The workmen demanded wages so high as to hibitive, and the company was driven to desperation a remedy. After trying a multitude of ways to av disastrous effects of the smoke, an engineer was e who succeeded in solving the problem.

The foundries were at the foot of a very high mo which, fortunately, sloped sufficiently for the purp engineer had in mind. He therefore set to work struct a chimney which would lean over a waterfall mountain and follow its inclination for the height of five metres to the top. The inside of the chimney w so arranged that a rill of water could run in and out condensing the smoke.

Mr. Hilton—Have you opened that bottle of cham Bridget?

Bridget—Faith, I started to open it, an' it began t itself. Sure, the mon that filled that bottle must in two quarts instead of wan.

PAT AND THE GHOST.

An Irishman was one day riding on a farmer's As they rode on side by side, the Irishman noticed a some old house by the roadside that was apparently u pied and spoke of it to the farmer.

"That house," said the farmer, "is haunted; nobod stay in it."

"Sure, I don't believe in ha'nts," said the Irishma

"Well, that house is yours if you will sleep in night. There is a standing offer to that effect."

"The house is mine," said the Irishman. "Take me man that wants to give it away."

At dark the Irishman walked to the house, open front door with the key he had received from the and went upstairs, where he found a room prepared reception. Removing his clothes he went to bed, a he was tired from his day's journey, was soon fast During the night he was awakened by shrieks, groan rattling of chains and other unearthly noises. At th of his bed he saw a fearsome figure all in white, po an accusing finger at him. With one frightened bou was beside his clothes and, gathering an armful, fled the stairs, out the door and down the road as fast could go. Urged on by his fright, he ran until weary refused to carry him any further.

Dropping on a log by the roadside he breathed a si relief and then gasped for breath. He heard a h cough near him and his heart sank as he turned and the ghost sitting beside him at the other end of the log

"That was a great run we had," said the ghost.

GLARING POLICE BLUNDERS.

A PUBLIC DANGER THAT MUST BE SHOWN UP.

We are living to-day in an atmosphere of scare-mongering from the platform, the pulpit, and in the Press. "Revelas" are as the breath of life to most people—and consently the astute journals give their readers revelations, many of them.

he unfortunate point, however, is that most papers, in pensing revelations, shriek wildly about some quite rnless or, at any rate, entirely natural public custom or so h, but maintain a close silence on matters of supreme ional importance.

urther, they are characterised by a marked respect for laws of libel—so marked, indeed, that by reason of es being sedulously withheld, the exposures are, in nine es out of ten, very watery affairs indeed.

he *Modern Man*, however, is not one of these. The cles are written to draw the public attention to subjects t really matter. They are intended, above all things, to good work. And it is for this reason that we wish fearly to put before our readers a grave indictment of what is hing short of a public menace—a menace all the more ilous by reason of the enormous power of the body from ch it originates.

e Power to Arrest.

Blundering is a failing to which the police force seems pe addicted in an astounding degree.

very policeman in the street has the power to arrest aan on any charge, and to take him to the station; and officer in charge is empowered to keep him in custody hout bail until such time as his innocence is proved and magistrate dismisses the case.

ut such a state of affairs is only baldly described by word "scandalous." Say, for instance, that a highly pectable elderly gentleman is trotting homewards from office when some person, of malign intent, gets a police- to arrest him on the charge of having picked the user's pocket of half-a-crown. The venerable victim is rched, half-a-crown is found on him among other coins, l there certainly seems to be circumstantial evidence inst him. Of course, he eventually proves his entire ocence; but it will probably be hours—it might even be s—before the necessary witnesses can be got to the court. d even then, what consolation does the unfortunate im get?

The magistrate dismisses the case. That is all. The other y have suffered considerable loss in business through the air; and without a doubt he is affected by the stigma that ches to appearing as prisoner in a police-court even though charge may be discovered to be unfounded.

Medical Man's Experience.

Here is a true story of a gross police blunder which pened not long ago; and in connection with which we empowered to mention the victim's identity, though the lice authorities put forth strenuous efforts to keep the tter quiet.

On Saturday evening, May 11th last, a young medical man m New Zealand, Dr. Donald, an M.A., B.Sc., M.R.C.S., .H., and a Research Bacteriologist at the London spital, was sitting with his wife and his sister in his flat. ddenly screams rang out in a flat overhead; and the young ctor, perhaps rather unwisely, rushed up there, followed his wife.

The cause of the disturbance, he found, was that the lady o occupied the flat had had some rings stolen from her. policeman put in an appearance almost immediately; and . Donald's amazed indignation may be imagined when he ard the lady give him in charge to the constable, as having few minutes before broken into her room and stolen the ngs!

Naturally enough, he protested his innocence; but it was no avail.

At the station he was charged with burglary; and though told his captors who he was and what position he occupied the London Hospital, he was refused to be allowed out bail. The police made enquiries at the Hospital and his tements were found to be true in every particular; and s assertion that he had £300 at his flat was also ascertained be true.

Still bail was refused him; and he was kept in the police-cell from Saturday night till Monday morning, when the magistrate promptly dismissed the charge as soon as it came up.

This unfortunate man spent one of the most unenjoyable week-ends it is possible to imagine, simply because of the semi-idiocy of a policeman in listening to a probably hysterical woman's trumped-up story, and of the dunder-headed obstinacy of a superior in declining bail.

Received no Satisfaction.

Naturally Dr. Donald sought to gain some kind of satisfaction from New Scotland Yard; but did he get any? Not a bit of it! He simply received the hardly adequate consolation under the circumstances, that "no blame can properly be attributed to the officers who, in the exercise of their discretion, decided to decline bail."

We are by no means hard up for instances of this nature. It was only a few weeks ago, at the Westminster police-court, that a constable covered himself with distinction by an exhibition of asininity which will take a lot of beating. A woman was placed in the dock charged with a certain offence, but declared that she was not the real offender. The limb of the law, however, continued to make the strongest asseverations that she was the rightful prisoner; until—it was proved, absolutely without a ghost of a doubt, that the woman in custody had not even been in the district at the time of the alleged offence!

Policemen, too, are undoubtedly prone to swearing men and women to be drunk when they are very likely only in some sort of dazed stupor or fainting fit. The case of a taxi-driver who collided with a tram recently and was thrown out, will be fresh in the memory of a great many of our readers.

Hospital Matron's Statement.

On being picked up the man was observed to be somewhat strange in his manner; and the astute constable who came up almost at once, had no hesitation in charging him with being drunk.

The police-doctor obligingly endorsed the officer's statement, but a hospital matron, who actually attended the man for his injuries, stated emphatically that his unusual manner was due to his being dazed and not drunk at all. The man asserted confidently that he was a total abstainer. The magistrate simply discharged him; but he might very usefully have said a few words which would certainly have been reported in the papers and had a good effect, against the utterly unscrupulous way in which not a few police officials—especially constables—will say things for promotion.

Still more shocking was the case which happened not long ago, when a man who was brought into a police station one night on a charge of drunkenness, said he was ill, and asked for his own doctor to be summoned. This request, however, was not granted; and he was bundled into a cell, where—horrible to relate!—he was found dead some hours later. Such a case as this, where a constable's ignorance cost the life of a man probably much more valuable than his, ought to be published in every newspaper in the United Kingdom as a warning to the public of the danger that is constituted by every man in the official blue, whose desire for kudos is stronger than his regard for the truth.

An Eye to Promotion.

Finally, it must not be forgotten that miscarriages of justice do not always occur through a pure blunder on a constable's part. Deplorably often, as I have hinted above, he trumps up a charge which he knows to be unfounded, simply with an eye to promotion. It is very often possible at night to drag some unsuspecting person to the station on some such charge as "loitering under suspicious circumstances." The Fulham police, for instance, are far too prone to this sort of thing; and the writer has for some time past been collecting facts on this subject for what one day may be an illuminating article.

J. S. C.

SEASIDE HAPPENINGS.

LATEST REPORTS FROM PLEASURE RESORTS.

Southend.—The shooting season is now in full swing here, and many of our smartest visitors are competing daily in an effort to secure the highest "bag." So far Mr. Alf. Jones holds the record with fourteen glass bottles, three clay pipes and his mother-in-law.

Dozing-on-the-Marsh.—Owing to the unprecedented demand for bathing facilities, Mr. Jones has had to double his stock of swimming costumes. The new one is a tasteful confection of red twill.

Scarborough.—Considerable excitement has been caused by the appearance of the sea-snake. The gentleman who saw it is making a slow but satisfactory recovery under the Normyl treatment.

Brighton.—The train service has been extensively augmented and accelerated, and visitors are loud in their praises of these new arrangements, which enable them to get away from the town with the least delay.

Great Bawe.—Not only is the old lamp in the market-place to be illuminated every night of the season, but a pillar-box is to be erected at the corner of the High Street. No wonder that Mr. Smith, our oldest inhabitant, remarks with pride that Great Bawe is becoming more like London every day.

Margate.—Visitors here next week will have an opportunity of witnessing a stirring sight. We are in a position to state that Mr. Moses McMosenstein has arranged for his annual fire to take place next Thursday.

Cromer.—A wreck was observed on the beach yesterday. Inquirers learnt that the unfortunate gentleman is suffering from dyspepsia.

Dillington.—A disappointment has befallen our musical visitors. The daily concerts on the sea front have come to an abrupt stop, and Signor Handelio has pushed his piano-organ on to Fakefield.

Worthing.—A movement was on foot last week to present a testimonial to Mr. Alexander Boff, who, on his own showing, saved twenty-seven lives from death by drowning on one day. It now appears that Mr. Boff persuaded his son-in-law not to drown three cats, and the movement has been abandoned.

Little Dooing.—A performance of "East Lynne" was given at the Town Hall last Thursday by a travelling company. Master Jimmy Smith says that the show was excellent, but that it's very lonely being an audience all by yourself.

Yarmouth.—Professor Woffin has had the misfortune to lose the star artiste of his Performing Fleas Troupe. Offering a reward for its return, he has, to date, received 47,321 specimens for identification.

Folkestone.—The weather here continues fine, except for occasional thunderstorms and a day or two of rain. Also, several houses have suffered damage from wind, and the sea has been very rough.

Blackpool.—Much indignation is expressed locally at the fact that the railway company has run two or three cheap trains to the town. As is very justly pointed out, such conduct, persisted in, might easily lead to Blackpool becoming popular with trippers.

Loneville.—The season here is nearly over. One of our visitors has already gone, and the other departs next Saturday.

Hastings.—It is rumoured that, in deference to the wishes of our visitors, arrangements are to be made to keep the sea at an equable temperature of 78 degrees. The most material drawback is in the argument supplied by restaurant proprietors, who ask how they are to live if visitors can have hot fish for nothing?

Land's End.—A little girl was seen to disappear over the cliff the other day. A search-party failed to discover her body. It has since been ascertained that she reached the beach in safety and walked along the sea-shore to the village where she belonged.

Dover.—The spy season has not yet opened, but a French gentleman in a soft hat and cloak was observed on the harbour yesterday with a camera, and was at once arrested. It has since transpired that he is an eminent Parisian, who merely wanted to take the Dover-Calais boat.

Felixstowe.—A delightful exhibition of hosiery took place yesterday afternoon. It was one of the windiest days Felixstowe has had this season.

Wearie Ness.—A concert party has taken up its position on the beach, and the question of the day is "What for?"

AT HOME AND ABROA

POINTED PARS OF GENERAL INTEREST

The rector of a church in the Bowery, New Y opened a popular theatre in connection with his chu

* * *

In a duck's egg laid in a poultry yard of a fa Sittingbourne, Northamptonshire, a large bone bu been discovered.

* * *

Gramophone records of voices of famous sing been sealed and deposited in a vault at the Par House, and are to remain there untouched for 100 y

* * *

A machine that photographs "wireless" waves wa the wonders shown to the members of the Inter Radio-Telegraphic Conference at the new Marcon at Chelmsford a few days ago.

* * *

"Women could ask questions which men could and which they should not ask," says the Local Gov Board, suggesting the appointment of a woman officer to a board of guardians.

* * *

When a woman witness appeared in the box in Mr Scrutton's Court wearing a heavy black veil the Jud "Take your veil off, madam. I don't want ladies a this court as though they were going to Ascot."

* * *

A letter intended for an inhabitant of Zurich ev reached him, although it bore no name. It descr appearance, stated that he had travelled in Rus married an Englishwoman, and never touched beer.

* * *

"What do children want with French and German Mr. P. J. Dennis, of the Hanwell School Manage it was proposed to teach these languages at the classes. "Many of them cannot even tell the time

* * *

A sailor on board the battleship "Petri" has s jumped into prominence in the medical world by covery that his heart is located on the right side, other organs are all on the wrong side of where supposed to be.

* * *

"Presented to Dick Turpin at the White Bear Inn Lane, February 7, 1735," is the inscription on a hors inlaid with gold, found at the Reindeer Inn, Oxfordshire, during the removal of the ceiling of th Room, which is going to America.

* * *

The smallest coins in the world are used in South where there is a coin worth one four-thousandth pa English penny, and in the Malay States, where a circulated worth one ten-thousandth part of a penny

* * *

A young theatre decorator in Paris, who had rece first large order for a painted screen, on finding dimensions were too large for his studio, settled paint it in a street in the Belleville district, after up a board marked "No thoroughfare."

* * *

An object lesson in freak election bets by a truth has been furnished from the other side of the Atlan 1884 John B. Crispell bet that James G. Blaine would Grover Cleveland for President, and agreed never shave or allow his hair to be cut off. Blaine was d The result is that his face is completely covered by beard, and his hair hangs to his shoulders.

* * *

A new sport that promises to be fashionable is wasp ing, and it is not at all improbable that cards of in to garden parties, etc., will bear the note "Wasp s from 4 to 6.30 p.m."

The wasp and fly pistol is provided with neither nor shot. It is a slender little instrument of bright with a trigger that pulls open a wicked pair of sma at the end of the nozzle. You get a "sight" on a p wasp, snap the trigger, and, if the aim be true, the pest is caught and crushed quickly and surely in the spring of the instrument.

SWINDLES.

CRIMINAL'S REVELATIONS.

By WORMWOOD PORTLAND.

25.—SHOPPING BY POST.

desire it to be thoroughly understood that the names the people mentioned in these articles are fictitious. reference is made to men or women still alive, any ion as to their actual identity has been removed from nuscript.—EDITOR.]

an who lives on his wits, in the dishonest sense of the finds it as necessary to keep up with the times as dy else who can't afford to get left behind. In ng him—ll to new conditions and changed customs, k has even to "go one better" than "honest people," p to him to convert to his own use opportunities only designed for them—although, as a matter you can't keep a really smart and capable swindler anything that he makes up his mind to get into.

rking" at an Essex Farm.

, for instance, at the system of shopping by post. at it from the seller's point of view. Could anything fer? He has an article to dispose of. With the eration expected and allowed for by the public, and ed by the law, he puffs that article in the advertising ns of the Press—the Provincial Press especially. The saved all the expense and time of coming to fetch the on receipt of its price it is dispatched to him with- trouble on his part, while the vendor, money in runs to all appearance no more risk than in selling Yet did I hit on an easy and a pleasing ood of shopping by post to my own clear profit and 's dead loss. In other words, the latter was

ee sample cases, two with results in my favour, and with a result that nonplussed me, will show exactly he thing worked—and, as regards the third case I cite, did not work. I had landed myself on an innocent farmer and his excellent wife as a paying guest for weeks, at a time when my absence from town was ble for reas into which I need not enter. The l from and at the delightful old farm- afforded me here, enjoyed the double pur- ing up my time and putting money into my version of goods into cash being easy.

uting a Tin Ticker.

gan with an enterprising jeweller at Birmingham— oseph Eliasohn, who advertised his wares and his logue" in the county papers. "Save inter- " was Eliasohn's enticement. You picked from his "illustrated catalogue," posted him and he posted you your money's worth. Obtain- talogue, I selected a fine £10 watch—an English d hunter. For this I sent him his price, having in Chelmsford for four shillings, a yellow metal that went as far as being a ticker in the direction ing a watch; in the sense that it had a covered face s also a "hunter."

coming down to breakfast the following morning, a tered packet bearing the Birmingham post-mark lay e my plate. My operations were careful and unhurried. king the wax and tearing the paper as little as possible, untying the string instead of cutting it, I drew out little box of thin wood inside which was the velvet covering Eliasohn's beautiful gold chronometer, worth ting of the price I had paid for it. This I ed. Then I substituted for it the ridiculous tin I had bought for four bob.

onstrating Great Indignation.

packed everything in its original order, re-stringed held a match for a few moments over each dab directed re-sealment by pressing down the mois- with a salt-spoon. Making sure that both the his wife were within call, I rang the bell, as have done merely to order in my breakfast. Mak- prompt appearance alone, the latter immediately ned that her husband had signed for the registered e, so as not to disturb my slumber.

hat's all right, Mrs. Carter," I remarked pleasantly, ing up the little parcel as though for the first time. e is he? You'll both like to have a look at what I've got here. It's a sort of surprise packet; the thing I sent £10 for the other day, you know." In came Carter, and in the presence of the two witnesses I had taken the precaution to have on the spot, I cut the twine, broke open the seals, and took out the four bobber. With rustic curiosity, they were eager to see what I had got for my £10. Of course they thought they saw it, and shared to the full in my chagrin and wrath and furious indignation. Their instant and only idea was to call in the village policeman; but I naturally didn't want anybody on the scene wearing his sort of clothes. I drafted an apparently hastily composed telegram of complaint and repudiation to Eliasohn, and packed Carter off to the town to dispatch it.

As I expected, in a couple of hours' time or so a reply message was in my hands. Eliasohn himself or a responsible representative would leave Birmingham at once to interview me. My allegation was incredible.

Witnesses Nothing to Betray.

This determination on the part of the jeweller to deal with my "incredible allegation" in the spirit evidenced by his telegram did not surprise me. The one thing that a respectable, honest seller by post cannot afford at any cost is a charge of fraud.

Joseph Eliasohn reached the farm that very night, accompanied by a man who was, he said, his manager. I knew at a glance that he was a private detective. Eliasohn did the talking and the other the watching. To no purpose was the talking; it couldn't break down my case. In vain did the 'tec keep on the alert with eyes and ears. I was too cunning to betray anything, and my honest witnesses had nothing to betray. Their good faith and their certainty would have survived the cruelest cross-examination of the astutest K.C. who ever wore silk. They had seen me open that packet, and withdraw what it contained.

"Mr. Eliasohn, I accuse you of nothing dishonest," was my insistence, "for I suspect you of nothing of the sort. I am sorry for you. You have simply been the victim of some thief of a packer. I exonerate you personally altogether, at the same time, of course, I must hold you personally responsible. "Here"—picking up an unfinished letter—" is an account I am sending of the whole affair to the 'County Chronicle.' You will see that in pointing out the inevitable danger in the shopping-by-post system that this case proves to exist, I distinctly express my conviction that there is no intentional fraud in your advertisements."

That threatened communication to the Press crumpled up poor Joseph. It would have been far worse than being robbed of a hundred watches. He didn't cave in that night, but he caved in. I got two £10 gold hunters for my £10 instead of one.

In the second case I tapped Birmingham again, but another firm there. I wanted two gold chains to wear, pledge or sell with my two gold watches. The style of chain I went in for was advertised at £8. The substitute cost me tenpence. I picked it up at a cheap jack's stall. This time I had only one witness—an hotel waiter. The affair took much longer to settle than the first one, and there was trouble as well as delay. I had at last to pretend "to place the matter in the hands of my solicitors." Eventually, however, I bamboozled the seller out of a duplicate article, taking care that he didn't dishonestly palm off an inferior one on me.

Bowled Out by Detective.

Passing over one or two cases in which, though I still came out to the good, I had to be satisfied with the return of half my money (refunded simply because "injured innocence" dreaded the trade results of publicity).

I come to the case where I was bowled out by a detective of a far sharper type than the mug Eliasohn brought up with him. Still keeping to jewellery as the handiest thing for my new lay, I played for high stakes—a pair of gold bracelets. I had three witnesses to the opening of the packet; but this time my witnesses were my accomplices.

The man in whose hands the firm placed the investigation proved the nasty fact that my brass counterfeits weighed heavier than the articles really dispatched; consequently, the Post Office people would not have registered the packet without calling attention to insufficient postage had the packet contained what I said it contained instead of what it did contain.

Fortunately I got wind of this awkward discovery before the police were informed of it, and in time to make myself scarce. Occasionally simplifying it still further by declaring that packets had reached me empty of anything at all, I practised the shopping-by-post swindle afterwards repeatedly and successfully—but not until some time later.

SEEING THE FILMS.

THE PICTURE PALACE BOY AND HIS SECRET.

To-day the genus man finds itself enriched by a further variant. To the long gallery of Our Young Men another type has to be added. Alongside such contemporary exemplars as the Turkey Trotter, the Wistful Shaw-ite and the Rinkist, a new specimen steps into place. And that new specimen is the Picture Palace Boy.

Carefully Selected Company.

Always does the Picture Palace Boy enjoy his pictorial orgies in carefully-selected company. Usually, he has for companion one of that sex which Suffragettes are leading us to call the "unfair sex."

There is also a certain etiquette of deportment which marks the clan of Picture Palace Boys. First of all, it is one of their rules that they shall always pretend that it is quite by accident that they are entering a cinema show. It is a harmless pose of theirs, when in mufti at office or shop, always to deny hotly that they patronise film dramas. They repudiate the suggestion with scorn. That is why, when entering a picture palace, they invariably endeavour to foster the impression that they think they are really entering a Tube station or a motor-bus.

Arrived within the portals, they affect, for the benefit of their fair companions, a tolerant smile, as who should say, "Well, I've condescended to bring you here: and I'll try not to be bored." They then peer through the gloom for inconspicous seats in the very back row . . . and frown fiercely at the other Boys and their companions who have already taken possession of these points of vantage and advantage.

There is even a particular attitude which his caste enjoins on the seated Picture Palace Boy. He must slide well down into his place, stretching his legs straight out in front of him, and drooping one shoulder slightly, so that it may suggest a wary indifference to the entertainment.

This pose assured, he next strikes a match—causing some commotion to other Boys and their lassies—lights his cigarette, yawns elaborately and . . . fixes the screen with a round-the-stage-door-after-the-show sort of gaze.

Concealing His Inconsistency.

So far as the entertainment is concerned, it is incumbent on him to be hypercritical. When feats of horsemanship are whirred across the screen, his expression clearly implies that he could do all these things, too, if he chose. At moments of pathos, he observes cynically "Oh, how sad!": at dramatic situations, he implores his companion to hold his hand. This she does, constituting a piece of humour which his other-side neighbour finds entertaining. So does the Boy's companion . . . for quite a long time.

Nevertheless, despite his symptoms the Boy is taking the keenest interest in the programme. If he finds himself chuckling at the comicalities of a hunted Frenchman, he endeavours to explain that he is really laughing at something old Jim told him at the office the day before yesterday. If, in the excitement of a dramatic surprise, he exclaims, "They've copped him!" he makes a feint to conceal his inconsistency by adding "I don't think!" or some similar pleasantry.

But he deceives no one—least of all the damsel by his side. Were she, however, to let him know that she had surprised his secret, his shame at discovery would impel him to . . . take some other girl with him next time. So she is diplomatic enough to reproach him for being sarcastic.

In truth, the Picture Palace Boy, for all his veneer of indifference, is vastly interested in the films. He may tell you, with an unillusory wink, that he goes there because it's pleasantly dark inside, but the real reason for his patronage is to be found in the films, and not in the flirting.

If he chooses to make of his recreation a secret vice, that is his affair. Secrecy adds a relish to so many innocuous things. Suffice it to say that not a single large office is there in the City or elsewhere that does not include at least one man among its staff who indulges in secret orgies of picture-theatring.

Sometimes these victims of the habit meet at the very altar of their false god, so to speak, and then it is pathetic to hear the spontaneity with which each hastens to tell the other that he only came in out of the rain. In time the Picture Palace Boy may grow bolder and admit his guilty secret.

BOXING NOTES.

TWO MORE WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIPS.

Thursday will see two more world's championshi
tested, viz., Ad. Wolgast v. Joe Rivers, for the ligh
title, and Jack Johnson v. Jim Flynn for the heav
championship.

Wolgast, from his recent poor showing against th
boxers, appears to have lost his old form since his op
for appendicitis, but he is reported to have trained
fully for his match with Joe Rivers, and should be
pink of condition when he enters the ring. Wolga
not profess to be a clever boxer, and will probably he
on points at the tenth round.

After that the fur will begin to fly if he carries
usual plan of whirlwind fighting.

Flynn's Chance for Big Surprise.

On the same day the contest between Johnson and
will take place. There has been much adverse c
relative to this contest, just as there was when J
was matched with Bombardier Wells some mon
It is said that Flynn does not stand an earthly chan
will be toyed with until the black likes to finish th
by knocking him out. But weighing up Flynn's c
it does not seem an absolutely certain thing for J
The latter is long past the age when the average
loses his stamina and speed, and it is well know
Johnson has been enjoying himself for the last two
eating and drinking anything he takes a fancy to.
sparing it either.

On the other hand, Flynn is young and tough, a
everything to win and nothing to lose. One does not
to prophesy that he will beat the black, but he co
stands a better chance than he is given credit for.

The boxing game provides many surprises, and it
possible that this contest will provide a big one.

CAMP YARNS.

Those who have never done a camp with the Terri
have surely missed something which many men w
miss for worlds, for not only is it healthy and doing
vice for our country, but the amount of fun one can
of it is amazing.

As an instance of wit at one camp, an officer by n
Dear took a party to the ranges for firing practice.
they were firing a marker somehow got a bullet int
It was not serious, and when the party got back to
and the news got around they were subjected to a go
of chaff. As it happened, the same officer was
Officer for the day, and during Mess he made his
round. Just as he was leaving the Mess Tent half a
voices shouted out "What did the marker say when
shot?" and the answer came back "Oh Dear."

Recruit and Mounting Ladder.

In every corps there are one or two chaps who seem
to be taken in, especially at their first camp. One
the Yeomanry had a very big horse and experienced
difficulty in mounting, being rather small. So one
somebody noticed his antics in mounting and said
don't you get the mounting ladder?" "What
Never heard of it." "It's made of rope. You fasten
the saddle and pull it up after you. Everybody uses
a big horse. Go and ask the Quartermaster for it."
off he went, leaving his horse in charge of another
He reached the Quartermaster's tent and then there
roar of laughter, and he came back looking as
as anyone could be.

A BLIND SWIPE.

A young Irishman having returned home after
dollars on the other side of the herring pond, de
give his old father an outing by taking him to Dublin
the sights.

It was a great event for the old man, who had never
in a train before, and he entered it with fear and trem
and many outspoken anticipations of what would
to him.

All went well until the train suddenly crashed
tunnel. Bang went the old man's fist on his son's
"I told you something would happen, you young
he yelled. "I'm struck blind."

DANGER APTLY ILLUSTRATED.

ield-Marshal Sir George White, whose death has just
en place, was awarded the coveted Victoria Cross for
ecial bravery during an engagement at Charasiab," on
ober 6th, 1879.
inding that an artillery and rifle fire failed to dislodge
enemy from a fortified hill, which it was necessary to
ture, Major White, as he was then, led an attack upon it.
dvancing with two companies of his regiment, and climb-
from one steep ledge to another, he came upon a body of
enemy strongly posted, and outnumbering his force by
eight to one.
men being very much exhausted, and immediate
on being necessary, Major White took a rifle and went
by himself. He shot the leader of the enemy, and this
so intimidated the rest that they fled round the side of
hill, and the position was won.
great characteristic of Sir George, who held the Grand
of the Five Orders of Knighthood, was his self-
ession. On one occasion, when addressing a meeting on
ilitary Service and Preparedness," he got too near the
of the platform (fortunately not a very high one) and
over. He was on his feet in an instant, as calm and
ected as ever.
regained the platform and proceeded with his address
I could not possibly have given you a better example
ow suddenly danger may come upon us," a statement
h was loudly applauded.

EARL AS COMIC SINGER.

e Earl of Bessborough, whose heir, Lord Duncannon,
just been married in Paris, was educated at Wimborne
mmar School, and at a preparatory establishment for
Army and Navy at Gosport. It was while on a holiday
n the former that his lordship settled the question of
career.
boy living opposite to where he was staying went out
on horseback wearing a smart naval uniform, and he
as so fascinated that he decided there and then he
join the Navy.
course, while at school preparing for the service, he
many interesting experiences. One bitterly cold night
January he and five or six other boys from the dormitory
crept in a discussion on cakes, tarts, and pots of jam,
h had formed the contents of a holiday hamper, when
of the masters walked in.
aving given each one a severe look, he ordered them to
w him into the schoolroom, where he made them stand
r nightshirts, trembling with the cold, on two of the
s while he rated them for insubordination.
the time the boys were delighted he did not cane them,
afterwards the opinion was expressed among them that
haps their shivering and freezing condition suggested to
that any "warming" he might give would, under the
umstances, have been more of a kindness than
ishment.
rd Bessborough served as a midshipman and sub-
ment under the Duke of Edinburgh. The cruise lasted
two years. Not the least enjoyable of the diversions
aged in were sing-songs, in many of which both officers
men took part. Lord Bessborough sang comic and
racter ditties. Other artistes included the Duke himself
Lord Charles Beresford. On leaving the Navy, Lord
borough read for the Bar, and was called three years
r.

INNOCENCE PROVED BY DIRT.

o have to eat dirt is by no means pleasant, yet this is
t Mr. Emil Lund, who has just completed a walking
from Capetown to Cairo, and is now on his way home
n Egypt, has had to do.
e had an exceptionally trying time after leaving Elisa-
ville. He disposed of his tent and rifle as being too
y, and slept in the open, with his Browning pistol as
only weapon, but protected by fires from marauding
mals.
When near the Uganda border he was treacherously taken
ner by a native chieftain, bound for three days, and
n dragged before the chief, who suspected him of
ster designs.
r. Lund protested his innocence, but was put to the
eal of proving it, the test being to eat a handful of dirt.
managed to swallow enough to satisfy the potentate,
then set him free and allowed him to proceed.

JUDGE'S UNCONVENTIONALITY.

Life in a caravan, with all its freedom and its unconventionality, is dear to the heart of Mr. Justive Eve, and for nearly a quarter of a century now he has made periodical tours.

As can easily be imagined, he has had some amusing experiences during his journeyings. One day a man, who was a stranger to the district, called at Mr. Eve's house in Devonshire to apply for work. He was informed that the master was out Widecombe way picnicking.

Gaining the necessary directions, he started off, and had not gone far before he met a caravan with an affable, rustic-looking individual in charge, whom he accosted with, "Hi! guv'nor, seen any gentleman picnicking near Widecombe —Squire Eve, I mean. D'ye know him?" The driver did. In the purest Devon dialect, he informed his questioner that he had "comed" from the "hicky" part, but he had "zeed no parties picnicking." He rather suspected the Squire would be found at home, and offered the wayfarer a lift back "zo far."

On the way agricultural matters were jovially discussed over pipes until arriving near the house, when the stranger got down and went in. Some time afterwards he was greatly astonished when Mr. Eve, having changed his clothes, appeared in his presence and admitted that he was his companion in the caravan.

CABINET MINISTER AND HIS TYPIST.

A story recounted by the Marquis of Tullibardine tells of a humorous experience a well-known Cabinet Minister once had, although at the time it failed to appeal to him as an amusing incident. He had undertaken to speak at a certain place, but his time had been so closely employed that he was not able to prepare his notes. Arriving in the town he went to a typist at a hotel and asked her to take his dictation. In the hurry she took it direct on the machine, but in the middle of the M.P.'s peroration she burst into tears and began to sob hysterically The politician wondered why his eloquence had been so melting, and asked what was the matter. When she could control herself she replied, "Would you mind speaking that all over again? I—I forgot to put any paper in the machine!"

NO MONEY TO PAY FOR A CAB.

Perhaps it is that the Duke of Westminster has always had, as the Americans say, "money to burn," that he once forgot that others are not in the same happy condition. Some time ago he met a friend just home from abroad who is by no means a rich man. "Come along and lunch with me," said the Duke.

They jumped into a taxi-cab. At their destination the Duke found he had no money. "Pay," he said to his friend. And the friend did. The luncheon over, the Duke again said "Pay, old chap. I'll settle up afterwards."

There were more festivities and more drives, and, finally, they went to Grosvenor House. When the friend was departing his host went to the door with him, and a servant whistled for a cab. But the guest stopped the footman so imperatively that it flashed upon the Duke that he had used up all his friend's finances.

POOR PATIENT'S DEVOTION.

A touching story of the devotion of a poor patient has been told by Sir Frederick Treves. A Norwegian was taken to a big London Hospital suffering from a complaint that necessitated an operation. Sir Frederick performed it, and completely cured the man of his trouble. Some weeks afterwards the Norwegian called upon the doctor at his private house, and, much to his surprise, presented him with a coin.

At first Sir Frederick refused to take it, but the man was not to be put off. "It is three years since I left my native land," he said, "and before I came away my old mother gave me this coin, and told me never to part with it unless I was starving. It is not worth anything to you, but the value to me I cannot express.

"When I was in hospital I made up my mind that you should have it. Since you cured me I have been starving, but I would not part with the coin, because I wanted you to have it. It is a small return for saving my life."

"What magnificent piece of jewellery," says Sir Frederick, when he tells the story, "can equal the value of that coin?"

MY NOTE BOOK.

THE M.M.'s LATEST BADGE.

How do you like it? Personally, I think you will say that it will make a really smart athletic badge. The League colours—cerise, purple and gold—will be "fast," and next week I hope to be able to tell my readers when orders can be dealt with.

The design has been sent to the manufacturers, and now I am only awaiting the news when the first lot will be ready.

Judging by the correspondence I have received upon the subject I am certainly expecting a great demand for them, and I feel sure that the finished article will appeal to the eye of the most critical of *Modern Man* supporters.

OUR NEW ATHLETIC BADGE.

Still they come. This week there has been quite a substantial addition to the letters already received and noted tendering congratulations upon the recent changes in the *Modern Man*.

The frontispiece of the last number, which showed Bombardier Wells, the English champion heavyweight boxer, in one of his determined attitudes, drew from several readers the comment "Very striking," whilst others voted it "a capital front to a capital number."

In whatever form appreciation came my correspondents have my best thanks.

* * *

A PLUCKY SPORTSMAN'S RECEPTIONS.

An aviation tour of Great Britain, even when the clerk of the weather is in good humour, is no slight undertaking. Mr. Robert Slack, who has undertaken such a tour under the auspices of the International Correspondence Schools, of which he is a student, has realised that skill and pluck avail nothing when the wind is unfavourable. He was ready and eager to start from Hendon, on the day fixed, on his new Bleriot monoplane, which has been built especially for the undertaking, and which the students of the I.C.S. are subscribing for to present to the nation; but the wind forbade.

The following day, however, he was able to get away and make a rapid flight to Bedford, which he reached in thirty-five minutes, making what experts unite in describing as a brilliant and beautiful descent. His arrival was greeted by a large and enthusiastic crowd, and Bedford was fairly aviation crazy. The English public love a plucky sportsman.

Mr. Slack next set out for Leicester. The descent was difficult owing to the gusty wind, but to the relief of the immense crowd that awaited him he landed safely, though the wind drove the propeller of his machine into a hedge, and so close was Mr. Slack to disaster that his "goggles" were swept off, too.

At the time of writing the plucky aviator, who, by the way, is a native of Nottingham, is none the worse for his awkward experiences, and wherever he goes a tremendous reception awaits him.

* * *

CONCERNING MODERN INVENTIONS.

A few days ago a reader asked my advice on how to put upon the market a new invention, and, of course, I replied, but at the same time I was obliged to inform him that there was nothing really new about it. This brings me to the point that every now and then it is discovered that some extremely "modern" invention is in reality exceedingly old. For example the safety pin, far from being a novelty, or even of recent origin, is decidedly ancient—a fact made certain by the finding of a great many such pins, fashioned exactly like those of to-day, in old Roman and Etruscan tombs, dating back to a period a good deal earlier than the birth of Christ.

Of all modern inventions none seem to belong more typically to the present day than the paper fastener—the small brass contrivance used to fasten a number of sheets of paper together.

Yet, though it has been patented, it was well known more than two thousand years ago, being used by the soldiers of Rome as an incidental of their costume.

The belt of thin copper, worn by the ancient legionary was fastened to a strip of cloth, for lining, with a series of little bronze-clamps exactly like the paper fastener in question.

UNLUCKY THIRTEEN.

The fact that when Summers, of Canning met Arthur Evernden National Sporting C the welterweight ch ship of Great Britain, he secured his in the thirteenth round, reminds boxers steer clear of number thi possible.

It is an old superstitution, but the firm that this is an unlucky numb

The superstition among the ne amounts almost to a form of insanity will never fight on the 13th of the and a glance over their records fact that no negro boxer of any ac either knocked out a man or been k this round.

The case of Heavyweight Champion Jack John meets Flynn on Thursday, shows that while he ha men in the twelfth and fourteenth rounds, he ha managed to escape the thirteenth.

It will be noted in all his fights that in this roun more cautious than in any other, and that he will unnecessary risks.

He believes that a lucky punch might be landed and his plan is to stall through the whole sessio

The thirteenth having been passed, the boxer man, and goes after his opponent as in the previ and takes more chances. He is not afraid of that any more. He has passed the dreaded round, and h is plainly evident. Then the fireworks commence.

As in the case of Johnson, other great negro pu such as Sam Langford, Joe Gans, former champion, and George Dixon, one of the that ever stepped into a ring, also made it be particularly cautious of number 13, and show how well they succeeded in doing this.

The superstition is not confined to the black element Bill Squires, the Australian heavy-weight, believes day that number 13 caused his downfall.

He lost the Australian title to Tommy Burns ago, in the thirteenth round, and since then absolutely nothing in the way of boxing that amo anything.

* * *

SOME PRINTER'S "HOWLERS."

Even the *Modern Man* is not exempt a few literals now and then. But I desire for the printers to be respon anything too big in the way of To be candid, I prefer to choose my from other sources.

The compositor who had to set up a long list of presents, the majority of which were sets of jugs, had a very vague conception of the fitness of the he proclaimed to the world that they were

This was not in Ireland either!

One is always prepared for something startling in America, and it was with no great feeling of surp we once read on a concert programme that half-way there would be ten minutes "Internal."

Being on the other side of the "wet spot" naturally thought it was a highly ingenious imbibing refreshments.

The late Baker Pasha was once a victim of the positor's humour. Wishing to describe him as scarred veteran," it was very embarrassing to find figured in print on the first attempt as a "battle veteran," while the second attempt was even more he being put down as a "*bottle* scarred veteran."

A country town magnate with very high ideas of politics and himself (he was an alderman), on one occ became the butt of the printer's joke.

In reporting the proceedings of the local Guardians ings the reporter, with an eye to brevity, referred worthy magnate as "Ald. Ben. Williams" instead course, Alderman Benjamin Williams.

When the alderman read the report in the local pa morning he had a narrow escape from choking. A wonder, for throughout the whole proceedings he referred to as "*Old* Ben. Williams."

YOUR EDITO

THE SURGE OF SUICIDE: DISCUSSING THE ENORMOUS INCREASE OF SELF INFLICTED DEATHS.

A grisly spectre has reared itself in England—and stalks from end to end of the sister islands, leaving grim traces of its presence in every town, and often in quiet villages. That spectre's name is Suicide. And in this country—where hard-headedness and sober common-sense were once believed to be the outstanding characteristics of the popula-tion—the spectre of Suicide has amassed a truly dreadful number of subjects. Probably more people commit suicide in seven days in a year than was the case even so short a period as ten years.

Five Cases in a Day.

What is the root-cause of this appalling increase in the number of self-inflicted deaths? On the face of it, the causes are many; and a discussion of them may be of interest to the more thoughtfully-inclined among our readers. On one day last month there were as many as five cases reported in the papers of deaths under circumstances which suggested suicide.

One will be well remembered. A married couple were found in a field, each shot through the head, and a letter or note was found, in the woman's handwriting, asking the man to shoot her. Thus there is no doubt but that the man first killed his wife and then took his own life in the same way.

Another married couple were found on the sands at a seaside town, locked in each other's arms, and having appar-ently been washed up by the tide. The jury at the inquest returned an open verdict; but as the man was ascertained to have been out of employment and in poor health for some time previous to the tragedy, there is little doubt that in this case the deaths were due to suicide.

Then there is one type of suicide—a grown man or woman, who has some reason, generally a tragically strong one, for putting an end to existence. Another—perhaps even more dread-ful—is the immature child. It is only a few days ago that the body of a girl of fifteen was found floating dead in a river, after having been missing for some days.

She was said to have lived happily with her parents and to have had no troubles. A youth said that he had been with her on the night of her disappearance until 11.30 p.m. hardly an advisable hour for so young a girl to have been out of doors. It seems quite possible that with habits of a certain kind, the girl may have had troubles of some sort or other, and that she may have jumped into the water in a fit of hysteria.

Yet another uncommon form of suicide was seen recently near to Trent Bridge, Nottingham, when an elderly man walked calmly down on the bank, covered his head with a hand-kerchief and shot himself through the linen, expiring immediately.

Tracing the Cause.

What, then, are the chief causes of this dreadful form of insanity—for an insanity it almost undoubtedly is? In con-nection with a medical man on this subject, the writer has had some interesting facts.

It is a dreadful truth that a great many people are born to the world possessing every characteristic which leads to suicide—weakness of character, feebleness of brain, an over-sensitive conscience, and a tendency to exaggerate troubles of any kind. Such people—especially in the hot weather, when statistics show an enormous majority of suicides over colder months—will only too deplorably often, when faced by even quite a small reverse, financial or otherwise, choose the easiest—and weakest—way out.

Such a man as I have outlined will probably marry young, live in poor circumstances, generate a large family of growing children, and finally, after a nagging from a shrewish wife with greater intensity than usual, be found dangling "behind the scullery door."

The "artistic temperament"—so-called—is more prone than a great many others towards a tragic end by one's own hand. For instance, a case which occurred last year will still be fresh in most of our readers' memory. A famous actor recently died, when another actor, equally famous, a friend of the first, brooding over his comrade's death, committed suicide in a particularly ghastly way. He was employed in a butcher's shop in a suburb of London much frequented by theatrical people, when he suddenly seized a large knife through the open window of the shop and drew it fiercely across his throat, falling dead on the instant.

Brooding Over Lost Relatives.

Brooding over the loss of relations or friends is a fruitful source of suicides. For instance, when a soldier dies in barracks, there is very often one—or more—suicides in the regiment on the day of his funeral, especially if the dead man was popular. To counteract this undoubted trait in Tommy Atkins's character, the band, as many of us know, plays the men back from a soldier's funeral to the strains of "The Girl I left Behind Me" or some such lively air, very different from the dirge of the "Dead March" and the gloomy volleys with which the coffin was escorted to the grave. The idea is to distract the attention of the men—and especially those of a suicidal tendency—from the gloomy ceremony that has just been performed.

We can take it that men as a rule take their own lives because life under their conditions is unbearable, for the reason that they have not the pluck to bear it. The great majority of women suicides kill themselves for a different reason, a reason which in all too many cases is an identical one.

Sequels to Indiscretion.

They do it because they have committed the usual indis-cretion—which is as old as Adam and Eve—and their poor pigeon minds are not strong enough to realise that thousands of women have done the same thing, but have been sensible enough to leave the neighbourhood and live down their disgrace in some place where they were not previously known.

In most cases the former are unmarried girls—generally under twenty—who have been promised marriage by some man, whom they perhaps find is already married.

They dread the anger of a narrow-minded father or mother; so they go up to their bedrooms, and a pitiful little note explains, when it is too late, how and why they met their end.

KNIVES AND HORSESHOES.

Chinese cutlery is manufactured from old scrap iron, horseshoes, etc., by the blacksmiths in the towns and villages of the interior. The material chiefly used is old horse-shoes, made of very soft iron. It is an absolute necessity that the old shoes should be of very soft iron. The native blacksmiths will not buy old shoes of harder iron, nor will they touch those made of steel. Those from Glasgow and Hamburg seem pre-ferred. The cutlers like iron which is easily workable by their primitive methods. A Chinese razor bought for nine cents will take a fair edge, but will not hold it, requiring any number of stroppings before the act of shaving could be completed. A British firm about a year ago imported a cargo of old horseshoes from Australia. It was found impossible to dispose of them, as the native blacksmiths said the iron was too hard.

THE MODERN WOMAN'S INTERESTS.

How sad (writes a lady contributor) that such a cry "Votes for Women" should strike terror into the hearts of a British Constitution. The Government, daring in its progress in many directions, has displayed lamentable weakness in dealing with the hysterical demonstrations of a class who have yet to learn the meaning of womanhood.

The day of toleration should end. It must end. Our legislators have dallied too long. They are unwilling to grant the franchise, and rightly so—to a set of screeching individuals who, for the want of something better to do, spend their leisure in a destructive law-breaking campaign.

The women of our country do not want the vote. Therefore, let the Government put away this "fear of the feminine," and re-establish womanhood to its former state. Woman—the mother, the wife.

Even while the Home Secretary is—unwittingly, perhaps—aiding and abetting this campaign of unwomanly behaviour, his colleagues—Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George—have been shamefully assailed. And here let me voice, on behalf of the "women" of the country, our admiration for the dignified, wifely conduct of Mrs. Asquith during the incident at the India Office.

This farce of Ministers and Militants has gone on long enough. The matter is urgent. Let the law-breakers suffer the proper punishment. Hard labour is the solution, and such imposition, with the advent of a strong man at the Home Office, would smother the bravado of these "martyrs to the cause."

Whether we believe flirtation to be right or wro... must acknowledge that it is an indestructible ... tendency. In the very earliest records we rea... philanderers and coquettes, and of flirtations carrie...

To-day flirtation is enjoyed by persons of all ages, ... fifteen to fifty, and by persons belonging to every gra... society, and despite what some people say, the wi... no hesitation in asserting that if there were no flirtation ... would be fewer happy marriages, because flirting ... almost infallibly, the quality of the love involved the... Certainly a decreased matrimonial rate would pe... deeply the very persons who hurl their bitter epithets a... naive art of coquetry.

Nearly every code of conduct, from the one extre... stoical puritanism to the other of the wildest licence, ... tains seeds which may possibly develop, given certain ... ditions and in varying proportions, into plants of sin ... sorrow.

Thus flirtation is the cause of many an aching hea... broken spirit, as in such regrettable cases, wherein ... party unrestrainedly makes use of every power of attra... and hypocritically makes spurious love. Ultimately ... is a heartless desertion by the one party, and an experi... of humiliation and pain by the other.

Coquetry, though fruitful of anguish, also gives birt... harmless pleasure; the result depending upon the sp... Broadly speaking, the product of happiness far outw... the product of pain, and flirting in general cannot re... ably be condemned.

SOME DON'TS FOR BRIDES.

Don't gauge your gratitude by the value of the present sent. Nothing more quickly shows lack of breeding. Besides, it is stupid, as you never can tell when your friends will compare your notes.

Don't exhaust yourself note writing. Keep up your notes as well as you can by daily writing, but stop for at least two days before the wedding. Moderate delays are excusable; long delays the height of rudeness.

Don't be guilty of the execrable form of criticising wedding gifts. Think what you please, but keep your comments unsaid.

Don't go into matrimony thoughtlessly. If you have doubts even at the last minute that he is not the right man, better risk talk and break off the match. The notoriety and disappointment are bad, but not half so bad as a lifetime of unhappiness.

Don't expect the impossible in a husband. Remember you are marrying a man, not a hero in a novel. If he has faults, is not up to your ideal, he is doubtless thinking the same of you. Love much and learn to make allowances, if you would avoid unhappiness. Your married life may not be that of your dreams, but should be something far deeper and sweeter.

CARE OF THE HANDS.

To keep the hands white and soft the most impo... point to remember is that they should never be washe... hard water, and that extremes of temperature in the ... should be carefully avoided.

To soften the water, a small bag should be made and ... with oatmeal. This is then dipped into the water, ... squeezed out before the hands are washed.

The oatmeal must be changed every two days, as ... wet; it is apt to turn sour.

Drying the hands is another important item. Wh... a red or rough condition they should be partially wi... and then smeared with a few drops of glycerine and ... water mixed in equal quantities. This mixture should ... well rubbed into the skin, and the hands thoroughly d... A dusting of fine starch powder may be given the... desired.

When, through neglect or any other cause, the hand... in a very bad condition, a fortnight or so devoted to wea... gloves at night, and when possible during the day, ... improve them wonderfully, provided a good paste or c... is rubbed into the skin before the gloves are slipped on.

DESTROYED FOR FASHION'S SAKE.

The requirements of fashion was the cause of the greatest destruction in 1911 of wild animal life in the history of Siberia.

The total returns of the fur trade in that country amounted to more than £800,000, or over £100,000 in advance of 1910. Grey squirrels to the number of 4,525,000 were killed in the Siberian woods. The sales of the tails alone, used for boas and dress trimmings, amounted to 21 tons.

The Siberian dealers made £400,000 on this fur, while 1,500,000 white hares were killed and 12,250 sables. The most valuable dark sables were sold at an average price of £40, but there were not many buyers for this luxury, and a much better sale was reached with the cheaper qualities.

The total amount received for sables was about £100,000. Other animals killed were: Arctic fox, 100; ermine, 200,000; brown bears, 1,500; 180,000 skunk and 16,500 grey wolves. As a result of the greater comfort of Siberian railway travel the prices of brown bear skins showed a slump.

DANGEROUS GNAT STINGS.

How dangerous the bite of an ordinary gnat may be ... special circumstances, even when the best medical ... ance is at hand, is shown by the case of the wife of Pro... Hohenegg, one of the leading Viennese surgeons.

This lady was bitten on the ankle while taking tea on ... terrace of her suburban villa, recently. Inflammation be... on the next day, and despite local treatment increased ... rapidly that one day later a surgical incision was ma... This had to be repeated on the next day under chl... form.

General blood-poisoning had, however, set in, and a c... sultation of doctors finally decided that the only chance ... saving the lady's life was to amputate the leg above ... knee. The operation was performed six days after ... bite, but the lady is still in considerable danger. ... supposed that the gnat must have been infected with ... putrid matter.

HORROR AT HENLEY.

A WET MAN'S ENCOUNTER WITH A BUTLER.

I had tried to drink coffee on the houseboat's deck with an appearance of calm (although there was more of a suggestion of tin than milk in the added tinned milk) while She and the Swanky Man in the blazer were closely comparing notes spoons in the soft effulgence of the only Chinese lantern that had not died long since in a glorious flare-up.

Then some sympathetic soul on the lower deck discouraged me from suicide and suggested that a lonesome punt along the river, engendering sad thoughts, would meet the case.

A half hour later as I started to strike out for the shore, I remembered that my new flannel suit would cockle and shrink because I had omitted to bring with me a supply of Lux to add to the Thames in case of emergency.

Someone at a riverside garden, warning me not to rain on him, helped me out and said that if I went up to the house I could get a change.

A man in wet flannels has got very little more humour than a thousand-pounds-a-week comedian, but I had to look as if I were enjoying the joke when I asked the imitation pearl stud in the butler's shirt for a change.

I was conscious that he was a big man, but I dared not look up lest some more water should trickle down my back. Also the absence of Lux was having a disastrous effect. I felt I was cockling and shrinking at a rapid rate.

And then the butler smiled. I could feel him smiling. Mr. H. G. Wells has invented some wonderful things, but never a butler who smiled.

He conducted me to a bath-room and laughed as I turned on the tap.

He absolutely guffawed when I took off one sock and tried the water with my toe.

I got him out of the bath-room at last.

I heard him chuckling for some time behind the door.

He shuffled off presently and returned with a change.

It was a very roomy change. I said I did not want a district to tour in.

The bath cistern re-echoed to his fulsome mirth.

"I thought," he said, "that my clothes would be a bit too big for you."

It dawned on me. He was not a butler at all, but the master of the house!

"No wonder you've been laughing," I said, "at the way I've been ordering you about."

"It was funny, certainly. You've been asking just like a gentleman," he said, and he held his sides again.

"Well," I said, bewildered, "I—"

But he scrutinised me closely.

"Pardon me, sir," he said. "I am short-sighted. I had mistaken you for our new footman. He's got a flannel suit rather like yours, sir (asking your pardon, sir) and it's his night out to-night."

I looked at him but his face was Sphinx-like.

I walked out of that house, knowing that contemporary fiction was a hollow, unconvincing thing to me now. That night I had seen a real butler with a real smile.

THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER.

The man was jealous—insanely jealous—though Heaven knows the girl gave him no cause.

They never do.

He knew the name of the man he feared. He did not tell her so, however, but beat about the bush, as they do on the stage.

"Oh, George, George, why are you not frank with me?" she pleaded for the seventeenth time.

George's face became ashen-grey at her fateful words.

"That is it!" he hissed, the awful fire of jealousy blazing in his eyes. "That is it, Miss Smithson! If I were frank with you, instead of George, you'd be all right!"

The girl would have replied, but she could not. Her tongue clave to the roof of her mouth.

The other fellow's name was Frank!

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For the Back.

Some time ago a correspondent asked us to give an exercise, to be performed with a "developer," for the back, and I now comply with the request.

First, however, I wish to state most emphatically that any reader who suffers from any actual malformation or disease should on no account perform this or any other spinal exercise except under medical approval and supervision.

These exercises, for I am giving more than one, are merely intended for those whose back muscles are weak from want of exercise, sedentary occupation, or other causes. None, I repeat, who has any actual disease of the spine should attempt to treat himself or take a physical course without consulting his medical attendant.

Lattissimus Dorsi.

The following exercise is for Lattissimus Dorsi, one of the must important of the back muscles.

Hold the expander above the head, arms perfectly straight, backs of the hands facing each other. Now by pressing outwards and downwards expand the developer to its full extent, so that the arms are eventually in a line with the shoulders, and the strands of the developer in front of the chin.

As you do this bend the legs and sink down until the buttocks touch the heels. Rise and repeat, say, eight times.

This exercise develops not only Lattissimus Dorsi, but all leg muscles.

Erector Spinæ.

Here is a good exercise for another important back muscle —Erector Spinæ. It is performed with dumb-bells.

Stoop down and touch the floor with the dumb-bells, being careful not to allow the knees to bend.

Now, keeping the head well bent down and the arms perfectly straight, bring the bells up in front of the body, continuing the motion until they are over the head. Then continue until they come down to the sides, at the same time raising the toes as high as possible, and expanding the chest. Then contract the chest, and repeat, say, eight times.

General Treatment.

As to the general treatment of a weak back you should sleep on a horse-hair mattress, not on a feather bed. Into your morning tub, which should be cold if you can stand it, put a couple of handfuls of ordinary table salt, or one handful of bay salt. The back should afterwards be well rubbed with a coarse towel. If you can have it regularly massaged by a pal so much the better.

If possible two or three times a day lie down flat on your back on a hard mattress or the floor for from fifteen to thirty minutes.

Do not on any account wear stays, an abdominal belt, or any other form of artificial support.

This will only increase the weakness of the muscles, and make them waste faster than ever.

Play games that involve constant bending and straightening of the back, such as billiards, and bowls. Cycling, on the other hand, should be indulged in in strict moderation, and with handle-bars so adjusted that you must sit upright.

Answers to Correspondents.

C.B. (Blackpool).—Nettle rash is a non tagious inflammation of the skin, usually porary, but in tropical countries it som comes chronic. It is usually caused by fish, more particularly shell-fish and mac Some people cannot eat strawberries witho once developing it.

The treatment is an emetic of wine followed by a dose of calomel. The local irritation may be allayed by dabbing the with a lotion of 8 parts lime water to 1 p or painting with a weak solution of sulphate "blue stone"—one grain to an ounce of water.

W.D. (Halifax).—The result of the medical not prove that cancer can be cured by a non- sole issue before the jury was whether Dr. Robert or had not been libelled in being stigmatised as a

W.R.H. (Camden Town).—Write to A. F. Bettinson, National Sporting Club, W.C.

E.L. (Tunbridge Wells).—Major W. C. Wingfield, inventor of lawn tennis, died a few weeks ago. as originally designed by him, was shaped somewhat an hour-glass, that is, the net was considerably than the base lines.

R.B. (Northampton).—To prepare barley excellent summer drink—put two teaspoonfuls of Robin Patent Barley in a clean jug, and pour on it a pint of b water. Let it stand by the fire for an hour, sti frequently—the stirring is important. Strain through m and add a pinch of salt.

Oatmeal water, another refreshing summer may be made in the same way, with two teaspoonfuls meal.

LENGTH (Wembley Park).—A "good length" cricket depends on the pace of the bowler, the the batsmen, and the state of the pitch. As a however, the fast bowler should pitch between seven eight yards from the wicket, while the good length should drop not less than three yards from the stumps medium ball coming in between.

M.E.H. (Camberley).—Water polo is excellent development stamina, but is apt to make a man slow muscle-bound for fast swimming.

G.J.F. (West Hampstead).—You will find a numbe good swimming tricks in the Badminton Book on "S ming," which you should be able to procure at any library.

R.S. (Glasgow).—You should not "feather" the oa rowing at sea.

J.J.L. (Denmark Hill).—You are wrong in supposing the Rugby Union bars the working man player. The r that if a working man is employed by a club as such, in building their pavilion, he cannot play for that cl an amateur while so employed, but he may play for any club.

The short player, soliloquising: "If only I'd had my height increased by Girvan, as my partner has, I'd have been able to take that ball myself."

If you are under forty, I can increase your height by from two to three inches within three months. My methods are perfectly natural and scientific. No appliances are used.

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Correspondent's Bureau.

BRIEF REPLIES TO VARIOUS QUESTIONS.

C.F.P. (Eastbourne).—We don't know Miss Gertie Millar's age; shouldn't mention it if we did; and, anyway, she doesn't look it.

BOB, THE TERRIER (Leytonstone).—Rodents, sir, to snuffle—(if you make this snuffle, Mr. Printer, there will be trouble)—dear lady. Encourage him to go out o' nights, and he will soon want to stop at home.

QUEEN MAB (Bury St. Edmunds).—Ride him on the

M.J. (Stoke).—Boys are enlisted for the Army between the ages of 14 and 16. Their pay is the same for all branches of the Service, viz., 8d. a pay.

TOM (Blackburn).—Story of "It's the Lord with the hot water, my boy," was originally told by Noah, in the Ark, and so amused the jackass that he was henceforward known as the laughing jackass.

B.Y. (Crewe).—The Prince of Wales' future regiment, the 10th Hussars, are known in the Service as "Baker's Light Bobs" and "The Chainy 10th," the latter from the pattern of their pouch belt.

G.F. (Ostend).—We don't know any test for amber. All we do know is that if anyone gives us an amber cigarette holder on our birthday, or other festive occasion, we are certain to break it within an hour or two.

AMY (Manchester) asks if Captain Saunders is married? We never give away the private affairs of our contributors, but, in confidence, Amy—you won't tell anyone, will you, dear girl?—our own opinion is that if he isn't he jolly well ought to be.

HENRY (Baron's Court).—It was certainly injudicious of you to refer to the baby as "it"; but still, you may comfort yourself with the reflection that you were tact personified compared with the gentleman who mistook a pug-dog puppy for the new arrival.

D.P. (Beckenham).—An "M.B. waistcoat" is a clerical waistcoat. M.B. stands for "Mark (of the) Beast," because when these waistcoats were first worn by Protestant clergymen (about 1830) they were stigmatised as indicating a Popish tendency.

ALEXANDER (Kennington Gate).—We do not think that Mr. Eugene Corri ever won any amateur boxing championships. At the same time, he is just about the last man we should care to have trouble with.

J.D.R. (Lincoln).—There is no trickery about the operations of the "tick-tack" men on racegoers. They merely signal information about the betting, runners, etc., to a bookie or pals in the outer rings or down the course.

N.D. (Ardwick, Manchester).—Try "Horse-keeping for Amateurs," by Fox Russell. (Upcott Gill, Bazaar Buildings, London, W.C. Price 1s.)

McM. (Walsall).—Re-engagement to complete 21 years' service has always been a privilege, not a right. Until lately, however, a well-conducted man was always allowed to re-engage as a matter of course. Now, for reasons best known to themselves, the military authorities discourage re-engagement. But perhaps the new War Secretary will make a change.

W.H.T. or J. (Belfast).—The Royal North West Mounted Police is a very fine force, but, of course, there is not much money in it, and promotion is slow. You would probably have to enlist out there, but the High Commissioner for Canada, London, would supply you with full particulars on application.

SIDNEY (Glasgow).—"Tinct. fuborandi" in our Physical Expert's grey hair prescription, was an annoying misprint for "Tinct. Jaborandi." Sorry!

E.T. (Carlisle).—Gee whiz, and likewise Gee whillikens!

DAVID (Cardiff).—This is not a matrimonial bureau. How is Jonathan?

N.H. (Lowestoft).—At snooker pool when only the black ball is left on the table, should the striker make a miss or run into a pocket the game is over.

T.J. (Manningham).—We believe that Chelsea permits and indeed encourages its players to follow some employment outside football, but the majority of Soccer clubs do not, and we think it is a pity.

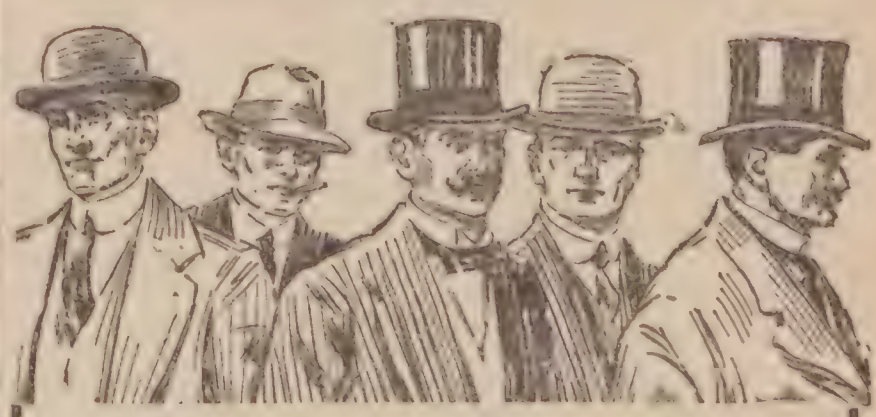
D.J.—NIS (Belfast).—Divil a bit!

INSURANCE.—SOMETHING TO ACT UPON.

Whether one approves or disapproves of any particular Act of Parliament it has to be administered, and the wise man always sets about it in a business-like way. On July 15th the Insurance Act comes into operation, and this being so it behoves all affected by its provisions to get the best possible value for money invested.

There is no doubt that every insured person under the Act should become a member of an approved society as soon as possible. The point is, which one? In this connection readers will do well to consider the facilities offered by the Prudential Assurance Co., Ltd. An approved society has been formed in two sections, one for men and the other for women, and with an enormous organisation of over 20,000 representatives in every part of the country, the company can certainly offer exceptional conveniences. A separate section is also being formed for domestic servants (women only).

Adequate arrangements are being made by the Company whereby benefits will be distributed to the homes of the insured persons, and all profits earned from the three sources of profit in any society—(1) saving of expenses, (2) favourable sickness experience, and (3) surplus interest—will be applied to increasing the future benefits of the members.



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8.—In cases where we are not in the position to immediatel through the transaction for a buyer or seller, the stock will be tised in our columns under a registered number.

9.—All communications to be addressed to the Financial Editor, Man" Offices, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Mr. Lloyd George, by his Budget proposals, has bucked up the price of Consols, and the price ought to improve still further.

* * *

Markets all round ought to be helped by the reduction of the National Debt, and consequently intending buyers who are waiting for the "turn of the tide," ought to wait no longer, as markets are pretty well sold out and prices will go ahead rapidly with the least encouragement.

* * *

Mexican Trams and Mexican Light and Power.—Stocks have been jumping about in price lately, but the trend is upwards, and some scheme is undoubtedly being considered which will considerably improve prices. Both companies are doing extremely well.

* * *

Associated Cements ought to go better now that the back of the strike is practically broken, as prices for the raw article still rule high, and consequently the company must be making large profits.

* * *

The export trade to Canada ought to be increased considerably by the reduction in tariff which has just been announced.

* * *

Home Rails show very little movement in price during the account, and operators are anxiously looking forward to the half-yearly statements, which will be announced during July.

* * *

Grand Trunk Stocks are my special tip for a substantial rise at the moment, and as £15 is ample cover for £500 ordinary stock, the small operator has an excellent chance of doubling his outlay within the next few weeks.

* * *

Mexican Rails are also good to buy, but they are not so safe as Trunks, because the movements are more violent.

SHARES WANTED.

RUBBER.

			£ s.
42	900	Way Halims	at 0 0
43	75	Anglo Malay	" 0 1
44	100	Asaman	" 1
45	25	Ciceley	" 1
46	15	Highlands	" 1 1
47	55	Klanang	"
48	20	Pataling	

OIL.

49	75	Standard of Mexico "A"	at 0
50	125	Standard of Mexico "B"	" 0
51	25	Spies	" 1
52	75	Mexican Eagle Pref.	" 1
53	50	Mexican Eagle Com.	" 0
54	65	Maikop Pipe Line	" 0
55	100	Kern River	" 0
56	100	G.M. Oilfields	" 0
57	75	Galician Oil Trust	"
58	25	Eastern Petroleum	

HOME RAILS.

59	£300	Stock East London	... at
60	200	Stock Great Central 94 Pref.	"
61	500	Stock Great Northern Deferred	"
62	100	Stock Met. District	"
63	500	Stock Chatham Ord.	

MINES.

			£ s.
64	100	Camp Birds	at 1 0
65	250	Camp Options	" 4
66	20	Great Cobar	" 2
67	25	Casey Cobalt	" 1
68	100	Santa Gertrudis	" 0
69	15	East Rands	" 4
70	25	Goldfields	" 1
71	30	Randfontein Estates	"

SHARES FOR SALE.

RUBBER.

			£ s.
72	100	Bukit Mertajan	at 0 0
73	125	Chersonese	" 3
74	20	Golden Hope	" 1
75	30	Lanadron	" 13
76	100	Linggi	
77	5	Malacca	

OIL.

78	10	Ural Caspian	... at 0
79	65	Premier Oil and Pipe	" 0
80	75	North Caucasian	" 0
81	250	New Zealand	"
-	100	Central Carpathian	

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MOTOR AND PEDAL CYCLING.

POINTED REMARKS ON AN ALDERMAN'S SUGGESTION.

An instance of a danger that might be met with on quite a number of country roads occurred the other day. A cyclist riding uphill in the dark was suddenly struck on the head in a mysterious manner and his cap was knocked off. He immediately dismounted and looked for his assailant. He quickly discovered the cause of the accident; it was a rope stretched across the road. Following this to its end he discovered a goat. What had happened was that a goat had been attached by a long rope to a gate by the side of a public road, and had wandered across the road and climbed the hedge on the opposite side, thus bringing the rope to the level of the head of the cyclist when riding.

What would have happened had the cyclist been coasting down-hill instead of riding slowly up it is easy to imagine, and some steps should be taken to prevent a recurrence of such carelessness on the part of the owner of the animal.

The law does not state that the owner of any animal is obliged to keep it off the road; if he likes to allow it to wander across the road he may, but should it be killed he cannot claim damages unless negligence can be proved on the part of the road user. What, however, the law would have to say in a case like the above would be rather interesting to discover.

Riding in the City.

For anyone to wish to prohibit cycling in a city seems an absurd kind of idea. Yet a London alderman recently expressed the opinion that cycles should not be allowed in the city at all. As a writer in the *Daily Express* put it, one naturally begins to wonder if a man who objects to cycles in the City is a fit and proper person to adjudicate on matters affecting the liberty of His Majesty's subjects, because it shows that he looks at things from the standpoint of prejudice rather than reason.

Of course, no one without some knowledge of riding would attempt to do anything in the way of traffic riding, but as a mattter of fact cyclists in and round the City are almost trick riders, and nothing in the shape of motor-omnibuses, taxicabs, or, in fact, anything else seems to worry them.

The chief point to be borne in mind is to go at such a pace, and ride in such a manner as to be able to dismount literally at a second's notice. In order to do this properly one should be familiar with at least two or three methods of dismounting, whereas the average cyclist pins his or her faith to one particular style. If the frame of your machine is not too high the best plan is to let the machine lean slightly over, and put out the left foot, standing on it while you wheel the machine from under you.

Dismounting by the pedal in these days of free-wheels is fairly expeditious, but the man who has to rely on finding the step before he can get off stands less chance of doing so with rapidity.

Cycling and the Lungs.

One of the great advantages about cycling is the good effect it has on the lungs. It forces one to take deeper inhalations and consequently prevents that clogging of the lungs that brings about later colds and lays one open to the dangers of influenza and worse ailments. In writing like this reference is not made to hard riders or path or road racers. What is meant is just the ordinary quiet pedaller, the cyclist who rides for the mere pleasure of cycling, and not with any aim of breaking records or of getting to any particular place within any given time. There is no exertion needed to bring about this increased breathing, it is the outcome of the natural exercise of pedalling combined with the pressure of the passing air on the face.

In this connection it might be added that the three-speed gear is of special advantage, for by reducing the labour it encourages one to attempt what one would fight shy of with the single gear. For instance, when on the level the medium gear is used and a moderate pace kept up; when a hill is reached the smaller gear is put in, and the cyclist rides the hill instead of walking it. This causes him to breathe more heavily, and so his lungs are filled with fresh air. Modern cycling is luxury combined with pleasure and the two combined with health.

Choosing a Motor Bicycle.

At this time of the year, when the number of motor cycles is daily increasing, the thought that is pervading the minds of hundreds of cyclists is "Shall I get a motor bike?" Manufacturers have now brought their goods to such a standard of mechanical perfection that a modern machine can be kept in perfect tune with a minimum of mechanical knowledge.

As regards the particular machine selected one must be guided by the use to which it is intended to be put. A light-weight, i.e., a machine of 1¼ to 2¾ h.p. will prove quite a serviceable mount for a novice, and will climb any ordinary hill without pedal assistance, but is, of course, out of the question for a heavy rider or side-car work.

A medium, i.e., a 3½ h.p. is the ideal machine for solo riding, being quite capable of tackling any hill to which it is put. It is also used for side-car work, although this cannot be recommended, unless it is fitted with variable gears.

Passenger machines are twin cylinders, varying from 5 to 8 h.p., and, as their name indicates, are used for side-car work. Regarding the make of machine, there is little to choose between any of the many makes at present on the market, and one cannot go far wrong in purchasing a machine from one of the firms who have built up a reputation in the ordinary bicycle world.

Magneto ignition has now superseded all other forms in recent models, but a machine need not be despised because the ignition is by accumulator or dry cell, as there are many excellent machines of the latter class on the market which can be bought for a £10 note or even less, quite capable of rendering excellent service to their owners.

But as the purchase of a second-hand mount is fraught with considerable pitfalls for the novice, an experienced friend should always be taken to assist in the choice and trial spin insisted on. As a rough guide, however, if a machine, after a preliminary run to warm the engine, is capable of tackling a stiff hill, answers quickly to the control, and can do a bit of speed work on the level, one can assume that the machine is one that merits further attention, and accordingly proceed to make a detailed inspection, concerning which I hope to have more to say on a future occasion.

A. R. W.

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THE WEEK'S RACING.

By the "OLD HAND."

Since the result of the Derby, one of the weekly sporting papers has been very insistent in its belief that the favourite, Sweeper II., was got at, and goes so far as to throw out a significant hint that certain members of the ring had reasons for believing that the horse would be "nobbled."

Instances are quoted intending to show how on subsequent running Sweeper II. should have gone much nearer winning the great race at Epsom than he did.

A Reflection on Ability.

Now, on the face of it, it would seem absurd that a horse in the position of favourite for the greatest race of the year, who is guarded as if it were a king, could be got at, and at that one might dismiss the subject, but when it is hinted that certain members of the ring—not one man, but members, mark you, had reasons for believing that the horse would be "nobbled," it puts an altogether different complexion on the matter, which should certainly not be allowed to rest where it is.

Personally, I do not think there is the slightest foundation for the idea that the horse was interfered with, and can quite understand the attitude of the connections of the horse in ignoring the hint, but I think it would be far better if, in this case, those responsible for the well being of the animal came into the limelight and cleared the air of what appears to me to be a reflection on their ability to take proper care of their charge.

I do not think it would be possible for any man to escape the vigilance of Atty Persse or any of his deputies, and that leaves one with the idea that if there exists the slightest grounds for the belief that the horse was got at, it could only be by someone connected with him, and that idea will not stand good for a moment.

To my mind, there are certainly good grounds for demanding an explanation, but not of the horse's running.

The demand should come from the animal's very capable trainer, who is fully entitled to know what lies behind the conviction that certain members had good reason to believe that his charge would be interfered with.

The First July Meeting.

This week, we have the first July meeting at headquarters, where runners are almost as difficult to find as winners.

Carlisle and Worcester clash on two of the four days allotted to Newmarket, and on Saturday there is a clear fixture at Alexandra Park.

To the ordinary race-goer, the London Cup is the most interesting event of the week.

The highest weight accepting for the race was Lonawand with 8.13, and the weights were subsequently increased 1lb. all round, and Wootton's horse now heads the list. If the horse would do his best, the weight should not stop him, but in his recent races he has not run so generously as he might, otherwise I would not look elsewhere for the winner. Lycaon did not run any too well in the Manchester Cup, but previously at Chester won the Vase very easily. He should run well here, though I think he would be better suited if the distance were a quarter of a mile further. The distance is nothing like far enough for Accurate, but Merry Task, who won the race last year, is right in it again. He has 12lbs. less to carry than he did on that occasion. I cannot fancy any of those below the horses mentioned, and shall couple

LONAWAND AND MERRY TASK

in my endeavours to find the winner.

Other Selections:—

NEWMARKET.—Tuesday.

Hare Park Handicap: MONOTONE.
July Stakes: QUEENS' MAN.

Wednesday.

Duke of Cambridge Handicap: DALNACRAG.

Thursday.

Three-Year-Old Handicap: MISFIT.
Princess of Wales' Stakes: PRINCE PALATINE.

Friday.

Princess Plate: HELIUM.
Waterbeach Handicap: HIGHWAYSIDE.

CARLISLE.—Tuesday.

Cumberland Handicap: MYNORA.
Solway Selling Plate: WESTRAY.
Holm Hill Plate: OLD BEWICK.

Wednesday.

Blackhall Handicap: RENATA.
Devonshire Plate: ULSTER.

WORCESTER.—Thursday.

Worcestershire Handicap: KING OF THE WAVELETS.
Worcester Welter Handicap: SAUCY VIXEN.

Friday.

City Welter Handicap: BRANDIMINTINE.

The Wire Service.

I had great hopes of bringing off a double for subs to our little wire service in the Hunt Cup and Woki Stakes, but whilst not successful, we at least had run for our money.

The horses sent were Long Set and Poor Boy, which finished second, and backed each way they show a nice profit.

The charge for this service is the very moderate five shillings weekly, and one shilling for any on This week I am going to extend the service, but make no initial charge. I want those of my reade care to do so, to send me about half a dozen stamp dressed telegraph forms, on the understanding th each winner sent, they will forward me the odds to the event of the first selection I send proving succ I shall not send again until the amount due to me ha forwarded.

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THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

ABOUT THE BEST MAN.

W.C.S. (Cardiff) writes me to deal with the dress and duties of the "best man" at a wedding, a post he is shortly to fill.

Well, "W.C.S.," the best man may dress pretty much as he likes, but it is only courteous if he flatters the bridegroom by imitating him. That is, if the bridegroom prefer a morning to a frock coat, the best man should also wear a morning coat, with the usual accessories of white or light-coloured waistcoat (a dark waistcoat and white vest slip is permissible, but personally I don't like it), light trousers, patent or glace kid boots, light tie, lavender or very light grey, or fawn gloves, and, of course, silk hat. A double collar may be worn, but here again I prefer the old-fashioned stand up. The shirt should be white.

WHAT HE HAS TO DO.

The best man's duties are not onerous. My correspondent asks whether he has anything to do with arranging for the carriages after the ceremony? No, and yes. It is the bridegroom's privilege to provide the carriage in which he and his bride return from church, and that in which they afterwards depart for the honeymoon, and he might ask his best man to arrange for these. The other carriages are provided by the bride's people, and the guests themselves, and neither the bridegroom nor his best man has anything to do with them. At the same time, the best man, if not otherwise occupied, should be on hand after the ceremony to assist elderly guests and ladies to their carriages.

For the rest, it is his duty to hold the bridegroom's hand—I should say hat—during the ceremony, standing beside or preferably close behind him until he mounts the scaffold—dear me, I mean chancel steps—when, of course, he (the best man) is left behind.

After the ceremony he accompanies near relatives to the vestry and signs the book. The happy pair departed, he distributes the bridegroom's tips to clergyman, vestry clerk or verger, and pew opener.

The tip to the parson may be anything between five shillings and the harmless necessary "fiver." At a middle-class wedding, such as my correspondent mentions, two guineas would be usual, though one is sufficient, with half a sovereign to the verger, and five bob to the pew opener.

Afterwards the best man should look after the bridesmaids, and the chief bridesmaid in particular; make himself agreeable to everybody, propose the bridesmaid's health, the youngest bachelor present responding, tell the bridegroom when it is time for him to change his togs, see that he does not leave his money or keys behind, and finally he has the time-honoured privilege of throwing the biggest bag of rice or confetti.

I should have said that the best man should take charge of the ring until the critical moment, or at least make sure that his principal has got it with him.

ANOTHER WEDDING QUERY.

Oddly enough, the same post brings me another wedding query. In this case the bride has a strong objection to "lace, veils, etc.," and also to the "top hat, frock coat touch," and is going to be married in walking costume.

What should the bridegroom wear? Well, "J.L.," of Salford, if frock or morning coat is really barred, the only possible alternative is a smart blue serge or dark grey tweed, shaped well into the waist, with full skirts and moderately "peg top" trousers. While I do not as a rule approve of vest slips with lounge suits, a white one or a light waistcoat might be worn on this occasion. For headgear wear either a smart Homburg hat or a "bowler." Boots (again on this occasion only, for you know my objection to "patents" with a lounge suit) may be of patent leather with light uppers, or white linen spats.

DETECTIVE'S VIEW OF POCKETS.

My next correspondent, "E. G. McM." (Leeds), writes on the subject of pockets. Referring to my recent statement that in a crowd a thief usually works standing immediately in front of you, he says that he has read just the opposite in a Yorkshire paper. I can only say that my information came from an eminent detective.

Next to the inside waistcoat pocket already described, I should say that the trousers pocket is the safest.

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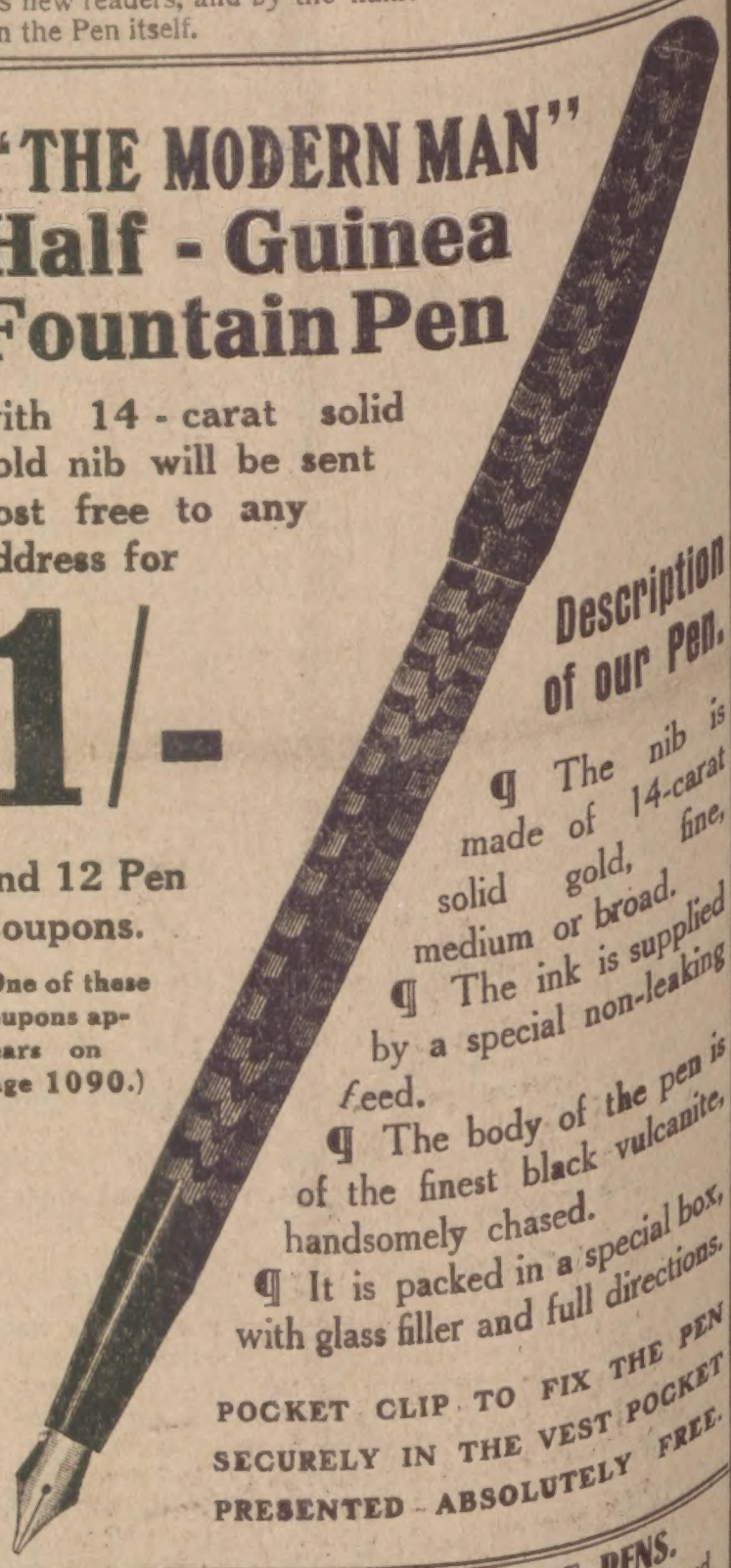

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